

discord

May 2007

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EL-P

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Stranded...

An epic nine-day cross-Canada travelogue chock full of art, music, booze, bands and breaking the law! **20**

Before I get down to business, I would like to take this opportunity to introduce myself: my name is Spike, and I will be your new Editor for the duration of this flight. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the Discordians who have welcomed me aboard with open arms and given me helpful words of advice. I hope to be on this crazy ride for a while and also hope to get my fill of much knowledge and many good memories during this challenging journey.

I would also like to thank our outgoing Editor, David Ravensbergen, for all the wonderful work he has done for *Discorder*, and for helping to choose me as his replacement — I have big shoes to fill. Literally: his feet are huge! Good luck treeplanting, Dave! You will need it.

All kidding aside, Campus-community radio and print journalism are two of my biggest passions. I have been involved in both since 1994: here at CITR since 1998, and before that, at CFUV, the Uvic station. I have also been a regular contributor for both *Discorder*, and the late CFUV program guide, *OffBeat* (RIP), and was also Editorial Assistant on the latter for an entire summer. I currently host *The Canadian Way* on Friday evenings on CITR (see the program guide for deets), and have always been a proud supporter of local and Canadian independent music.

Having been involved in media for a while now — I recently began doing behind-the-scenes work in local television, too — I am always pondering media communication, its implications on the world, and the convergence which much of media is rapidly being coerced into by market forces. Online print

stories and streaming audio and video are the most obvious instances. In fact, the interweb is the driving force tying together most of the media world — no place else does print, radio and television all marry into one information source.

There are a handful of computer masterminds in the world who have written all the source code which helps make our ingestion of such media information that much easier. CITR has boasted a few of its own programming wizards in its time, who have helped drag CITR into the 21st century mediascape, and armed us with the right tools. Sadly, CITR lost one particularly invaluable member of its IT fraternity in late March of this year. Stefan Ellis passed away after a brief illness. He was 38.

Stefan was a member of the CITR family since he began volunteering while attending classes at UBC in the 80s and 90s. Stefan was so important to CITR in recent years, in large part due to his other life, as President and founder of locally-based radio server software giant, Burli Software Inc. His company built its reputation on selling and maintaining the Burli news radio software, which now drives much of the radio world's newsrooms. When Stefan was not writing or selling his award-winning and revolutionary server program, he was still volunteering with CITR, helping us to grow our internet presence.

In recent years, Stefan got Burli up and running in the station, so we could record and run promos, spots and IDs from a computer in the on-air studio, as well as organize show-specific content for broadcast. No more messing around with minidisks or carts which never worked properly anyway!

continued on page 4

SIN CITY

VANCOUVER'S MOST NOTORIOUS PARTY PRESENTS THE THIRD ANNUAL CALL TO ARMS!

MILITARY

fetish ball #3

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by
BRYCE
DUNN

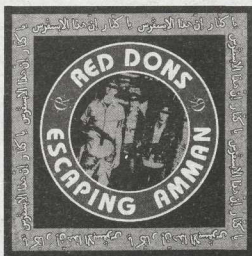


Well folks, we got a small batch for ya this month, but sometimes quality is better than quantity. However, Ladies Night may beg to differ. Quality may not be the best way to describe their balls-out approach to music, but I bet you can not ignore the beautiful mess that is their recent single. Recorded in 2005 (!?), the folks at Perpetrator Records were sleeping a little too long on this one — 'quality' may not be the best way to describe their distribution methods, either. As a result, "Hell On The Phone" has been a mainstay in the Ladies' setlist for some time now. Maybe because yours truly actually helped write this one (as I moonlighted in this combo for a brief spell), and they want to make sure I get every penny of royalties that is forthcoming ... haha! An Oblivians-style pounder is the result, and I am damn proud to have played my part in it. "Staring At The Wall" is what will result from the dizzying crash-boom-bang of the rockabilly feel this tune possesses. Ladies Night also give an abrasive cleansing to the Devo classic, "Gut Feeling/Slap Your Mommy". More reasons to spend some of your hard-earned dough. (Perpetrator Records, P.O. Box 68-984, Newton Auckland New Zealand).



Local label honcho Jeff Greenback has finally released the second installment in the Sweet Rot Records stable of artists, this one by the band Cheap Time, out of Nashville, Tennessee. Whereas most associate the Music City with 'a little bit country', Cheap Time is most definitely a lot more rock and roll. This fierce threesome features Jeff — of the Jeffrey Novak One Man Band — on guitar, and Jemina and Nathan — of the Thurston Moore-certified punk rock combo Be Your Own Pet — on bass and drums respectively. The tunes "Spoiled Brat," "Jet Set," and "Killing Time" are speedy blasts of lo-fi fuck-yous, and garage punk-bred trashiness, which perfectly contrasts the band from the gloss and glamour of a city obsessed with discovering the next big thing. For Cheap Time, they are here for a good time and will probably outlive the majority of Music City wannabes, anyway.

(Sweet Rot Records, P.O. Box 78025 Vancouver BC Canada V5N 5W1).



Finally, a band that recently paid Vancouver a visit was Portland, Oregon's political punks, The Red Dons. Formed from the ashes of The Observers, this band took its new moniker from a group of English professors who doubled as Russian spies during WWII. Singer Doug Burns created the new band with the intention of continuing where his former left off. The Red Dons now have their debut EP Escaping Amman, under their belts to show for their early efforts. This extended-player boasts four songs which musically remind me of mid-80s Naked Raygun, or early TSOL, but contains lyrical sentiments which are both personal, as on "Incomplete Action," and on the poignant "West Bank". The band is currently on the road with their comrades, The Clorox Girls (of which two members are also Red Dons), so catch them if you can, dear readers.

(Deranged Records, www.derangedrecords.com).

continued from page 3

Last year, CTR joined the rest of the broadcast world, as it began recording and podcasting its live content. Stefan had everything to do with that, as he developed our podcast engine software and showed us how to use that, too. The Canadian Way began podcasting earlier this year, and has greatly increased its listenership because of it — not to mention the extra dimension of online exposure it grants. Podcasting and live streaming (which Stefan also had a hand in fine-tuning) account for at least half of my show's listeners, as it does for many shows on CTR's program grid. A good deal of broadcasters who now podcast around the world, so using Burli's features to drive their RSS feeds.

Having worked briefly in news radio a couple of years ago, I can attest to the impact Stefan's Burli software has had on the industry — it has changed the very face of it. They even teach how to use Burli at BCIT, where I got my Radio Broadcasting diploma in 2005 — it is now that much of an industry standard.

Stefan was tireless. He spent most of his time on the

road, personally selling his software to stations the world over. On a sales visit to Taipei, he met his wife, ChiChi, with whom he had a daughter in 2004.

Despite all the success Stefan had in his professional life, he never forgot CTR, the place that originally inspired his love for radio. Even though he could have abandoned CTR for the high life which his other baby, Burli Software, offered, he always came back to us, to help us climb to the next level. So it is, with great sadness, that CTR says goodbye to one of its own, Stefan Ellis.

Our condolences go out to ChiChi, Stefan's daughter, his family and friends (which many at CTR considered him), and his 'close team of colleagues' at Burli Software for their loss.

It is the media world's loss, too.

-Spike

Stefan Ellis' obit (from Burli Software site): http://www.burli.com/about/stefan_obit.html



CINEMA

by ALLAN MacINNIS

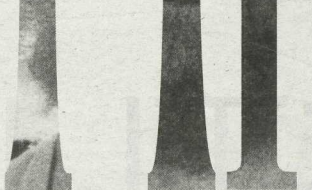
Aspirant

This year is shaping up to be a great one, in terms of DVD releases. I thought I would wax enthusiastic about a few essential films coming out in the next few months.

Kelly Reichardt's beautiful and sad *Old Joy* (which I praised in this column during the film festival, and have seen four times since) is due in early May. This is the only new film on my list, and for good reason: it is quiet, understated, subtle, and has moments of great beauty. Two friends go on a camping trip to a fabled Oregon hot spring; the pairing features an aging, lost poethead (played by musician Will Oldham, aka Bonnie "Prince" Billy), and an old friend now struggling to lead a straight life. Not much action takes place — we watch out the car window with the dog, as the landscape passes by, as a mournful Yo La Tengo score accompanies — but the film richly rewards contemplation. As such, I actually found myself weeping during the fourth viewing. *Old Joy* becomes celluloid elegy to a way of life rapidly being wiped out in these all-too-Darwinistic times. Some online enthusiasts have likened the film to a religious experience — which, for me, is stretching it; but it is, nevertheless, my favourite film of 2006.

Also cause for excitement is Jerry Schatzberg's 1971 film, *The Panic in Needle Park*, is due out on April 23. Long unavailable in any format, this film belongs to a brief period when Hollywood — unsettled by its complacency toward the evils of Vietnam, and, one suspects, inspired by the raw energy of films like Cassavetes' 1968 masterpiece, *Faces* — produced some uncharacteristically honest, gritty, and challenging films. Schatzberg made two such movies. *Scarecrow*, released in 1973, is already available on DVD. It is a moving variation on the 'buddy' film, starring Gene Hackman and Al Pacino as down-and-out bums traveling cross-country together. It is warm and funny — a hateful phrase — but, nonetheless, has a degree of emotional honesty which would be highly unlikely from a present-day big studio release. *The Panic in Needle Park* is Schatzberg's other groundbreaking film, from a screenplay written by novelists Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne. The film is ostensibly about music, making it an even grittier film watching experience. Starring Pacino and the very talented, and almost completely forgotten Kitty Winn, as a young couple whose relationship is steadily consumed by heroin addiction. Graphic and painful, it was Pacino's first feature, and it is said Coppola showed the film to convince studio execs to hire Pacino for *The Godfather*.

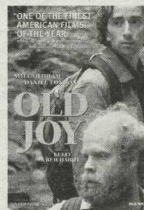
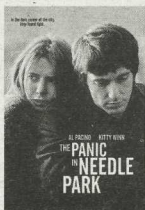
Another great long unavailable, being given their usual expert treatment by the folks at Criterion, is Lindsay Anderson's darkly-humored *If...*, from 1968 (due in early June). Anderson uses life at a British boy's school to dig a long, crooked finger into various open sores caused by class hierarchy. Loosely based on the French film, *Zéro pour Conduct*, it features one of the finest performances of Malcolm McDowell — back when he had great promise (pre-*Caligula*, which



photos courtesy of
ABKCO FILMS



A FEW UPCOMING DVD RELEASES TO GET EXCITED ABOUT



seems to have ruined his career). I hope *O Lucky Man!* will soon follow *If...* onto the shelves, but nothing is planned as yet.

Later in June, Criterion will be releasing two of the most transgressive, subversive and unforgettable cult movies of the 1970's, both by Yugoslavian director Dusan Makavejev — whose later output included the lukewarm Coca-Cola Kid and rather likeable Montenegro. *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, from 1971, is an occasionally irreverent consideration of the life of a psychoanalytic heretic named Wilhelm Reich, whose alternative cure for cancer and ideas about sexual liberation and orgasm were considered so threatening in the 1950s, he was imprisoned — Reich's books were then burned by order of the FDA. To further the film's exploration of sexuality versus repression, the viewer is also treated to footage of some guy getting a plaster cast made from his dick and Tuli Kupferberg of *The Fugs* running around New York in military gear, singing such hits as, "I'm Gonna Kill Myself Over Your Dead Body If You Fuck Anybody But Me." Some folks find Makavejev's "filmed idea" approach a little amateurish; personally, I think the film is great fun. Not as much, though, as Makavejev's 1974 release, *Sweet Movie*.

I can not even begin to do the outlandish *Sweet Movie* any sweet justice. The director is said to have been very curious about which countries would censor what content — after all, the movie takes place on an infantlist commune, where members vomit, piss, and shit on each other. Consider a beauty contest entirely

focused on the 'female part'; a scantily-clad woman stirring up the libido of some rather young boys — there is lots to be offended by in this one. The film is daring enough that Criterion's site describes it as, "a full-throated shriek in the face of bourgeois complacency." Makavejev's real target is communism, whose failures might disappoint him. For example, the footage of corpses in mass graves, being disinterred by Nazis, may confuse those unfamiliar with the history of the Katyn Forest massacre — in which Polish officers and civilians were murdered by the Soviets. For years, the Allies blamed the Nazis for the atrocity. Makavejev instead pins guilt where he feels it truly belongs — fifteen years before the facts would be revealed under Gorbachev. Required viewing for all you young wannabe Stalinists.

Then there is Jodorowsky. I trust all my readers are familiar with his work, and already know that *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain* will be released in May. There will also be a box set, which will include *Fando y Lis*, which is said to have caused a riot at its premiere screening.

El Topo is my favorite, mostly because I identify with the desire to bring out the symbolic freaks from the mountain. Honestly, what I would really like to see is a new Jodorowsky film. He is said to be working on *King Shot*, featuring Marilyn Manson as an aging vampiric pope — but I will believe it when I see it. You know how these Jod rumours are. Speaking of Jodorowsky, I am told there will be a special theatrical screening of *El Topo* at the Pacific Cinematheque (1131 Howe) on May 8th at 7:30 p.m.! I highly recommended you go!

Now if only someone would reissue Cassavetes' *Husbands* and Antonioni's *Zabriske Point...* **D**



INKSTUDS

by

ROBIN McCONNELL

For the most part, classic comic strip reprints leave me a little cold. They are usually quite gorgeous, but really lack what I look for in the storytelling department. For standards in artistic merit, I do not believe the comic world has come anywhere close to the heady times of Little Nemo and Krazy Kat. There seems to be a lack of cohesive narrative in a great majority of reissues.

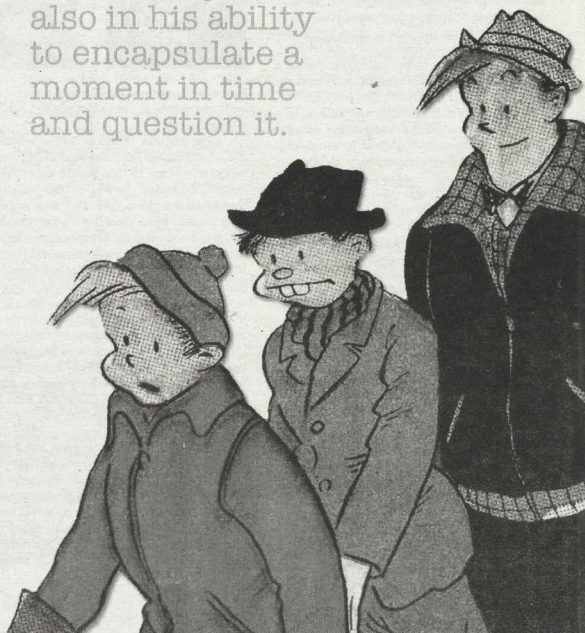
One strip does stand out on its own, though. With Gasoline Alley, Frank King created an influential comic strip—one which made its first appearance in 1918, and still appears in newspapers to this day. The importance in King's work lies not only in his lush art style, but also in his ability to encapsulate a moment in time and question it. The strip modestly began documenting the lives a bunch of friends who hang out in an alley, and chat mainly about cars; about how this new luxury item is quickly replacing the traditional horse-and-buggy combination at an uncomfortable rate. The thinly-veiled critique of our rapidly-changing society soon became an endearing and enduring snapshot of American family life.

Rescued from the depths of obscurity by the tenacious compiling efforts of two of today's finest cartoonists, Joe Matt and Chris Ware, Frank King's work has been resurrected for a new generation to be amazed by it. Published by Drawn and Quarterly, Walt and Skeeze — a series of reprint volumes joining the Gasoline Alley story from that key moment in 1921, when baby Skeeze is introduced to the strip — is one of the finest reissue series worthy of your hard-earned dollar. The collected volumes are named after the principal characters — father, Walt, and adopted son, Skeeze (slang for a motherless calf) — due to the copyright still held by the ongoing Gasoline Alley strip.

The Gasoline Alley narrative originally followed the life of confirmed bachelor, Walt, who was once devoid of responsibilities or commitments, and instead fills his care-free days with cars, cars and more cars. In 1921, King's editor convinced him to introduce a baby into the storyline to attract female readers. As a result, King sidestepped the tried-and-true narrative by introducing the new character and following his life in a way that no other comic strip had been able, or willing, to do before: real-time story telling. Walt was left with a little bundle of joy, given the moniker of Skeeze, which the reader got to see grow up before their eyes. The addition of the child added a new depth to Walt's character. The unique part of such real-time story telling is the way in which King was able to follow Skeeze's development so intimately and accurately. People who read the original strip were able to enjoy the unprecedented experience of literally growing up with Skeeze, while following his trials and tribulations.

continued on page 7

the importance..
lies not only in his
lush art style, but
also in his ability
to encapsulate a
moment in time
and question it.



continued from page 6

Reading the strips in a present day context is incredibly enlightening. Gasoline Alley still captures a time in the American psyche which no film or book could equal. King takes time to explore the simplicity of life, infusing his stories with the dialogue and imagery of small-town life in the American Midwest of days long gone. Because the strip is a cultural time capsule of sorts means it also includes stereotypes which many would find offensive today — in this manner, the strip proves 1921 was a vastly different time. It is the minute details of daily life that Frank King is such and expert at exploring. Because the comic was originally published in a time of high morals, it is quite interesting to see the social role which alcohol played in daily life; from making bathtub gin, to tagging along on a boy's night out, Frank King still excelled at making the reader feel like a member of a close-knit community — not part of a gang of drunken louts.

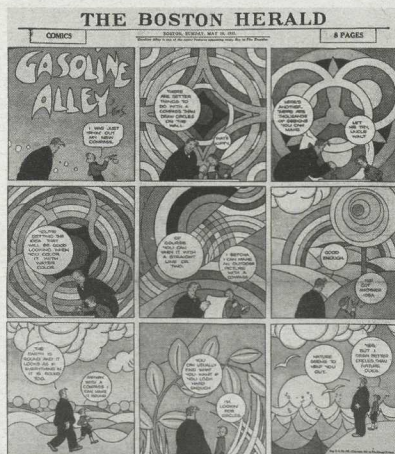
The greatest strength of King's work is his art. One look at a Gasoline Alley page, and you can see the influence that King has had on the drawing style of Chris Ware, and other modern cartooning luminaries. King's style lends an incredible roundness to his characters, which makes them pop to life on the page. Joe Matt has been a long time devotee to the ways of Frank King, and was crucial force behind compiling this series.

During Matt's years of hard work, painstakingly collecting all of these strips, he spread his love for this incredible testament to cartooning. Interestingly, the actual strips are not dated; the only way to get the correct chronological order, in some cases, is to follow the narrative and the careful aging of the characters, aided by King's knack for meticulous storytelling.

So far, two Walt and Skeezix volumes have been collected by Drawn and Quarterly (book three is set to be released in June), which collectively reprint the strip from 1921 to 1924 — the first four years of young Skeezix's childhood. This summer, expect to also see a collection of Gasoline Alley Sunday strips — which, with their added dimension of colour, still exude such an artistic brilliance, that looking forward to a weekly installment beyond the daily strips would have been a welcome delight to readers of the day.

Included in these Drawn and Quarterly collections are historical and contextual notes by top comic book academic and tireless archivist, Jeet Heer, who has an incredible knack for thorough research, and knows his subject well. By telling the painstakingly-researched story of the Gasoline Alley creator's life, and interspersing it with his own personal story, Heer pulls the reader into the wonderful world of Frank King. Heer also brings together a collection of photos and early King art, to explain how King's own life influenced his creation of the groundbreaking comic strip. Walt and Skeezix is an excellent series of reissues of one of the most important artifacts in comics history. From Jeet Heer's studious research, to the tender design of Chris Ware's book packaging, (avoiding and trademark Chris Ware imagery), to Drawn and Quarterly's tasteful promotion of the book, based purely on its own lush perfection, these compilations are immensely enjoyable. **D**

If you want to check out more awesome comic books, check out your local comic store. Just remember to stay away from mutants or anyone who wears a cape.. You can also listen to Inkstudz - Thursdays at 2 pm on CiTR and online at www.inkstudz.com.



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Armchair Apocrypha

OUTSIDE

COMING IN MAY — DJ JAZZY JEFF (6TH), ALIAS (15TH), AU VIVOIR SIMONE (15TH), JENN GRANT (15TH), HANDSOME FURS (15TH), DJ KENTARO (22ND), HOT CHIP DJ-KICKS (22ND), ULRICH SCHNAUSS EP (22ND)



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eLP



MAD MAN ON THE TURNTABLE

by c. turions

Presenting one hell of a dystopian take on the future, the sophomore release by iconoclast hip-hop producer ELP (AKA, El Producto, born Jaime Meline), *I'll Sleep When You're Dead*, gives one the impression of a cacophonous last will and testament. But for an individual who so fetishizes the apocalypse by unloading his pent-up rage and committing it to disc, the preposterous has happened: the world goes on. At least for today, the predicted end only looms, and ELP must not rest easy, or at all, because of this — if we are to accept his latest album as either autobiography or gospel. Maybe this long-awaited epic is simply abstract story-art, or it could merely be a result of ELP's motives: "Money, power, ego."

Four years in the making, *I'll Sleep When You're Dead* arrives as the proper follow-up to ELP's solo debut, *Fantastic Damage*, were both released on his own seminal hip-hop label, *Definitive Jux*. His response to the lack of accountability ELP had encountered while with other labels — which he feels also applies to the music business as a whole — *Definitive Jux* was created with the intention of being able to address such problems between artist and label on the spot. Accountability is regarded at *Definitive Jux* as axiomatic, an attempt to subvert the ugliness that is a manifestation of our modern human condition.

As the label approaches eight years of releasing music, it must be asked: where are the women of *Definitive Jux*? This one burning question is a tough one, considering

that ELP's own press release champions him as, "blazing trails," and, "introducing some of the most cutting-edge and important hip-hop music of this era." What about the radical notion that women can rhyme with the same level of skill and innovation as men? What should be done about the fact that there is a lack of female representation in the boys club of hip-hop, despite the possibility that their voices can be as revolutionary and as trailblazing as the independent hip-hop scene once was to the unwieldy, expired ideas of major label bullshit? With no identifiable women on the *Definitive Jux* roster, where is one likely to find them?

ELP guides us. He says the women of *Definitive Jux* are, "behind the scenes, making the whole thing work."

Great, just where they have always been.

I'll Sleep When You're Dead takes the listener on an excursion into the inside of man, to ruminate on the effects of the external. It is not meant to be the final comment on such matters, but more an exorcism of the sickness that seeps in from the outside. Considering the rat race, the ruckus and the rumble, is a reflection of the times we live in, and the struggle to make sense of it.

This album is more vulnerable than the cluttered noise of it would lead one to believe. Bearing little aural semblance to either ELP's

debut record, or the stop-gap b-sides, instrumentals, and rarities of *Collecting the Kid*, this new album is an experiment directed at the artist ELP wants to become. He feels his latest exploit could possibly help him accomplish that.

"It would be nice to make music that meant something to people 50 years from now," he says.

Speculating on the impact of such music on the future is an appropriate game to play in ELP's case, considering the battleground his newest release creates with a messy blitz of grotesque lyrics and endemic noise. The violence of this release is intensified by the fact that so many of the beats and rhymes hint at what happens in the future — in this case, the violence of 9-11.

A New Yorker by birth, ELP's inspiration draws heavily from the zeitgeist of his surroundings. He paints a picture of the human condition as desperately in need of mercy, as both the exception and the rule.

"Can't run from your life," he cautions.

His work bears witness to this. In these times of war, music is ELP's weapon, his tool, and his law. A thousand years from now — that foreshadowed end perhaps realized — what does he feel music will be like? "Illegal," says ELP. Then, from the formlessness, society and culture will invariably start all over again.

This might be good news for the state of music, though, when one

ARTHUR MAGAZINE

How It Could Happen to Your Favourite Magazine...or Not.

In late April, it was announced, on the same web site (www.arthurmag.com), that the magazine is to soon return, this time as:



The fact that I was asked to write up a bit of a eulogy to Arthur Magazine (2002-2007, sort of) is a bit odd for a couple of reasons. For one, I would not count myself amongst the magazine's core readership. I picked up every third or fourth issue, but it was not something I devoured on a regular basis. If I saw it, I read it. But in the age of endless information, I never felt compelled to actively seek out each new issue.

About a week ago, it was revealed that our dear friend is not so much dead, as he is hibernating. In fact, depending on how fast they can ready a new issue, Arthur's resurrection could come during the same month this issue of Disorder hits newsstands. But perhaps the strangest part of the request is the fact that nobody else was more qualified than I to do it. That last aside speaks volumes about the publication.

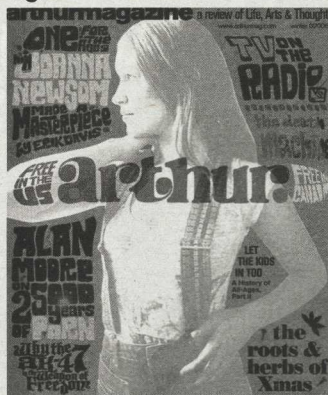
Disorder's staff pool is brimming with contributors – myself included – that should fit right into Arthur's niche readership demographic. Most of us are fairly literate – at leVOast we like to think that we are high-minded – and we get off on seeking out obscure artists, making strange explorations into sound. Yet, for some odd reason, even though everyone seemed to be sure that Arthur's passing was important, no one was willing or able to express exactly why.

In that way, Arthur is kind of like the literary equivalent of Faust, or Neul, or the Sugarcubes, or maybe Acid Mother's Temple. Every music geek worth his or her salt seems to insist that those artists are "seminal," but you probably only know of two people, tops, who actually own one of their records. In this case, I speak about physical record albums, not some mp3s you grabbed off of Souleek, which you have never listened to. It is not necessarily a slight against those bands. I have heard them all from time to time, and they are all pretty great. I have just never felt like my life was missing anything when a track from "Stick Around for Joy" has not graced my ears in several months. Same with Arthur – you love it, but you do not miss it: you take it for granted.

There were approximately two dozen hardcore Krautrock fans, out of the roughly eight thousand regular Disorder readers, who were offended by the preceding paragraph. A handful of those folks might also make up some of Arthur's core readership. To those people, I say: relax and rejoice – your favourite magazine will be back in circulation again soon enough. Arthur, a neglected friend to the rest of us music geeks, will be back, quite literally, before we know it. **d**

In late February of this year, *Arthur Magazine*, the hip (if not exactly monthly) L.A. based alternative music and arts chronicle posted an ominous note on its web site – it would no longer be published. *Arthur's* publication halted, for the first time since it hit the streets of North America in autumn 2002, due to strife between Arthur's parent company, Lime Publishing, and another anonymous publisher.

ARTHUR VOLUME II Story by Quinn Omori



“..for some odd reason, even though everyone seemed to be sure that Arthur's passing was important, no one was willing or able to express exactly why.”

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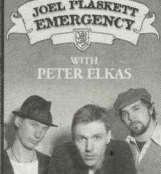
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by Dave Fernig

Greening Out

Living my entire life in what is, undoubtedly, one of the most geographically stunning cities on the planet, it is all too easy for me to forget how phenomenal the natural world is. These bouts of forgetfulness are infrequent, but their impact upon me is generally tremendous. My most recent one, involving an entire month without wandering through the woods even once, came to an end just last week. All it took to purge me of my ungratefulness was my Dad's three sentence depiction of Pittsburgh – where he had been for the past week. The first sentence praised the city's interesting architecture, but the other two lamented the city's total lack of environmental wonders.

My most recent adventure along the creek behind my house was a calming experience. My month of urban imprisonment had left me stressed, and I was plagued by both personal and political worries. The comfort of mossy rocks and ancient trees was a far more soothing therapy than any self-help book or beer could provide. My problems quickly fell into perspective: most of them were far smaller than any of the trees.

I have put together an instrumental soundtrack to a walk through the mountains, woods, or park to – or wherever else you go to enjoy the gorgeous Northwest landscapes. These songs evoke both the authoritative and fragile sides of the natural world, and remind us that, when you get down to it, nature is really all there is.

Bill Evans
Jade Visions (Take 2)

MF Doom
Horehound

Love
Hummingbirds

Fennesz
Caecilia

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INSIDE THE EMERGENCY ROOM

Dirty concrete, spray insulation, dim suspended lights, and a dj working between sets out of the back of a stationwagon may not be the ideal venue for everyone. Nonetheless, The Emergency Room has become somewhat of a haven for musicians looking to play open sets, and spectators looking for progressive live shows. Located on the lowest level of the parkade attached to the Emily Carr Institute – not to be confused with the second location in Stathcona, The Emergency Room Strathcona (The ERS) – The ER is proving to be a remonstration of performances and venues throughout Vancouver.

This concrete 'hall' has been housing free events for over a year – hosting local and international performers such as Richard Ramirez, Annie Rossi, Mattress, Tunnels (with members of Jackie-O Motherfucker), They Shoot Horses Don't They?, Shearing Pinx, The Leviathans, and countless other noise bands from around the city. The three organizers of the space, Brody McKnight, Keith Wecker and Justin Gradin have pooled their dissident tendencies to demonstrate how, when you want to see something happen, you can do it yourself.

Sitting down with them at their Hastings Street art studio, while Justin busily draws a flyer for The ERS – depicting an Indian riding a 60's version of Casper the Friendly Ghost – I was able to examine what fuels their initiative.

As members of the conceptual noise band, The Sex Negatives, the trio has gained notoriety for being kicked out of an ever-growing number of venues for their big (others would say "offensive") sound and performance. To them, it seemed increasingly appropriate to develop a space that operates with the same repete as their music. The Emergency Room – in showcasing noise as, perhaps, the most contemporaneous movement to piss people off since punk rock 20 to 30 years ago – is as much about the deconstruction of space as it is about the deconstruction of sound. The correlation between sound and location, which The ER presents, is a multifaceted and impressively tight package – though modestly unmentioned in conversation with Brody, Justin and Keith.

PHOTOS
BY THURBURN
DAVE

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

WORDS
BY CLAIRE
JULIANNE



When asked how they would classify what they are doing, their answers are straight up:

B: Ultra-punk.

K: Yeah. Super, super punk.

Justin mentions the subversive and unusual nature of taking over a parkade for live shows. This challenge to the space's intended function is also reflected in the unconventional use of equipment and other materials often found in performances at The ER. There is no need to preach about the group's intentions for entering a space built for cars and stealing power to make a bunch of noise may signify – the venue's founders do not push this point, either. But what is fascinating, in addition to The ER's relative longevity, is how its notably reiterate sound and space pairing provides a unique, total sensory experience.

K: The acoustics specific to the architecture kind of dictates what happens. The Shearing Pinx – who are probably one of the more structured bands that have played there – decided to do an improv noise set, which they have done in other cases. But the space does lend itself more to experimental practice. If you're going to set-up as a band to play a bunch of songs, it would probably be really hard to hear what's going on down there.

Despite running a venue that does not allow for a standard band performance and makes no profit (in fact, it costs money), any political standpoint the venue's founders have is claimed as unintentional and, if anything, simply intrinsic to their work. Though Brody, Justin and Keith are not indifferent to the cultural stranglehold the municipal governance has on Vancouver, their initiative is a direct result of their experience and participation in the broader music scene in Vancouver.

J: The whole idea of it was just a guerrilla space. It's just all open, free, improv, jam and noise music. If people don't want to hear it, or think that noise music is pretentious, they can just leave. People don't have to listen to it, or pay. If you want to be there, then you're putting your self there.

K: And when venues shut down a lot, like they have so much in the last two years (in Vancouver), you really don't need to adhere to a bar or the context of a venue – you can make one. It was important to have something that was free, and something that's not really dependent upon booze sales and security. I mean, maybe we've just been extremely lucky, but there have been no ramifications of any sort for that.

B: No cops.

K: We had one security incident, where a security guard was over-stepping his boundaries. It was Emily Carr security, but they have no jurisdiction in that space; they were just being dicks. There was a lot of alcohol at that one show when they showed up, and they were trying to pin it on us. But it's like, "I don't know, these people just showed up. We didn't tell them to bring alcohol, we're not selling alcohol. I'm recording this for school. People show up and do what they do." I'm sure people go down there and drink on a regular basis... (laughs). I would. It's hidden.

Are there any hopes to run a venue that you can make a profit on?

J: Well, (The ER) kind of crossed over to The Emergency Room Strathcona, and that's on its way. We're starting to book all our shows there.

K: The main idea with that one is to just pay for the space.

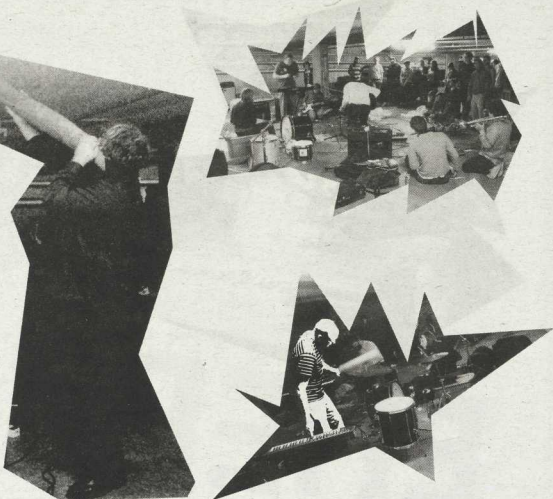
B: It's never a goal to put on shows so you can make tonnes of money. It's nice to not have to pay for things when they're broken, you can just take it out of the space money. Whatever needs to be painted or fixed, it's nice to have that extra money.

Were there any shows or venues you saw that inspired this approach?

J: It was more of a lack of that.

K: Definitely a reaction against what we've been seeing.

B: I remember seeing Sick Buildings getting shut down at the Pic at Music Waste last year. They said they blew the power to the bar and the lights went out, but I don't think that was true. They just didn't want noise music in there. So it's like, "Well, where can do this?" And then Keith found some outlets, and we were like, "There. We can just do it there." So it's like that.



We were just frustrated that our friends' shows were getting taken over. It started to happen a lot at Pat's Pub, too.

K: Yeah, I played there in this band with Jeremy Van Wyck, from the Shearing Pinx, and Adam Flood, who plays in the Dullmoofs, and we played the set, got off the stage, and they were like, "So, what's your name?" We responded, "Oh, we're Language Is Okay," and they say, "Awesome, you can never play here again!" It's funny, too, because six months later, Wolf Eyes is playing at Pat's Pub, and that's okay. It was a really weird contradiction. So, unless you're going to bring in a bunch of money, they don't want to be annoyed.

What do you do when your expressions are about as welcomed as a convict in a school zone? According to these three men, you take your expression down as many receptive avenues as possible. The prerogatives feeding their drive left me feeling nothing short of inspired. Rather than compromising, and allowing this city's cultural gap to continue - The ER serves as a physical manifestation of the same motives and modes as the music they support.

How do you choose what bands play your venues? Is it based on who you think could adhere to a similar type of subversion, or is there some other criteria?

J: I'd say there's no criteria at all. People just ask, "Can we play?" And we just say 'yeah,' or 'no.'

B: I think everyone that's asked to play has played, and some people have totally changed their sets, like the Shearing Pinx and So Did They Shoot Horses? – That was a really awesome show. People tend to think more about creating some type of installation.

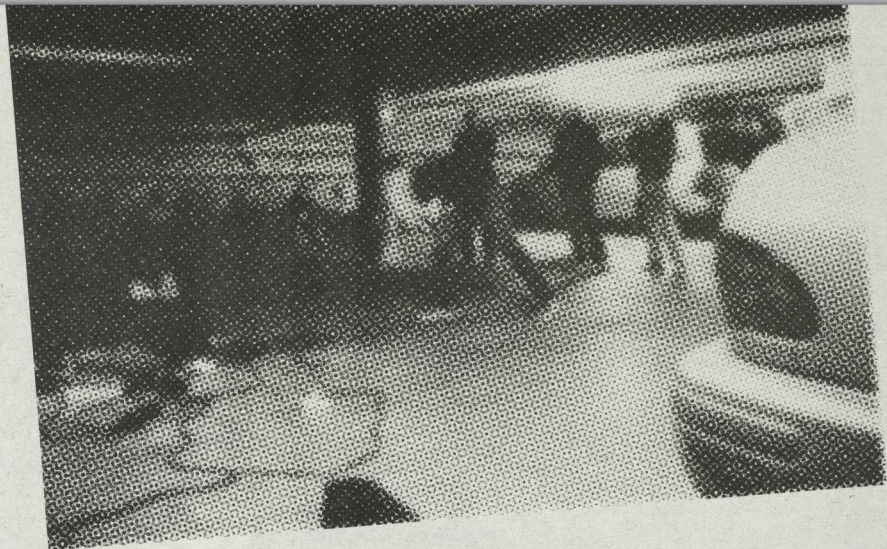
J: A lot of people are excited, because it's a place where they can go and do something different.

K: Especially for bands that have really structured sets.

B: Yeah, they can experiment a bit more because they're not wasting people's money. (laughs)

J: People go there expecting things to sound a certain way, or weird bands to be a certain way. That's why there are no rules on who can play, because we don't really give a fuck what you play down there. It's open for everyone.

Creating a space without limiting how people interact with it – as if the space were itself an instrument – has reawakened in the venue's founders an impassioned pursuit of ownership. The ambivalence of social politics surrounding the occupation and adaptation of the space still raises questions of proprietorship. With The ER on federally-owned land, it is a prime example of art can wrest power away from money, and place emphasis on utilization, sacrifice, and in this case, exposure for music from the fringes.



Though The Emergency Room has the potential to be shut down, the topic of propriety is a delicate subject to decipher – but not if you ask Keith:

K: Oh, it belongs to me!

What was the worst injury incurred by the trio, as a result of playing?

K: That would definitely be our second-ever show, when we played the grad night at Emily Carr last year. We just set up a bunch of metal and a drum kit, and Sick Buildings played with us, doing some pedal work. I was hitting a drum and screaming, and I ended up cutting myself on one of the pieces of metal we had. The blood is still on (Justin's) drums, and the door of the stairwell there! It stayed there for a year. That's probably the worst injury.

J: And people's hearing.

K: Yeah, that's the more permanent one...

So what was the most memorable show at The ER?

J: For me, there are two. Richard Ramirez, in Keith's mom's minivan. Ramirez played inside the minivan, making a bunch of noise while everyone stared at the van, it was crazy. And then there was one show where Brody was away, and Keith and I performed, just the two of us. Keith played his van. He hooked up things to his engine, played his horn and sat in the van while I played drums that were set up next to it. That was a really great show.

K: And that was the only one we didn't record. It sounded so good. Those two were probably the most memorable. That and the first one, of course – when we went down there, we thought we would get, like, five minutes.

J: Yeah, and we ended up getting a whole year.

If you are able to make it one of these lightly-publicized shows, bring ear-plugs, and your bike or skateboard. The ride from the top down to the louder sound is well worth the trip up the stairs. After celebrating The ER's one year anniversary show, Brody, Justin and Keith are now focusing their efforts on the Emergency Room Strathcona. They plan to put together similar shows marrying visual art and music at The ERS, and plan to save The ER for special events. The Sex Negatives' are completing their debut 7-inch, a split release which will be on two record labels: Broadway to Boundary, and Grotesque Modern. If you are interested in seeing some shows from the last year, The ERS will soon hold a release party for a video compilation coming out on both VHS and DVD. **D**

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art by rebecca chaperon
www.thechaperon.ca

may

1	Oneyediaks @ Eborado The Februarys, castle grey skull @ The Lamplighter	2	The Smokes (New Music West) @ The Yale make the lion @ The Pic Pub (New Music West)	3	Cazart Records presents: Robert Wilson, The Blue Alarm, (New Music West) @ The Media Club	4	Sheree Plett (New Music West) @ Cafe deux Soleils Rick Mercer @ Chan Centre	5	Coco Rosie @ Richards Mando Diao, Pop Levi, & The Films @ The Plaza																																												
6	Apostle of Hustle, Memphis (members of Stars) & Lotus Child @ The Red Room	7	Ladyhawk & Tapes n' Tapes @ The Plaza Bouncing Souls & Strike Anywhere @ Richards	8	El Topo 7:30pm @ Pacific Cinematheque @ The Cellar Jazz Club	9	CBC Radio 3 presents: Jim Bryson & Jill Barber @ The Media Club	10	Duvalier & Camille Miller @ Gringer 62 Mothra, Japandroids @ The Lamplighter	11	Attics + Cellars, Fancy & Prairie Cat @ The Railway Club Dimmu Borgir @ Commodore	12	Call of the Wild Dance Party @ La Casa del Artista Hostage Life, Daggermouth @ Ukrainian Hall	13	Everclear, Tupelo Honey & Mariana's Trench @ The Plaza	14	The Sea and Coke @ Richards Bobnoxious @ The Plaza Joey Only @ The Railway Club	15	Said the Whale CD release party @ The Media Club Mary Kastle @ The Railway Club	16	Felst @ Commodore (sold out)	17	The Summer Brothers, The Deep Dark Woods @ The Yale Like a Martyr @ The Red Room	18	The Joel Plaskett Emergency, Peter Elkas @ Commodore	19	Bobby Conn, Canned Hamm @ The Media Club	20		21		22		23	BJORK @ Deer Lake Park "the essence of tea" @ Muzi Tea Bar	24	BJORK @ Deer Lake Park "the essence of tea" @ Muzi Tea Bar	25		26	the TURN, Innocent Bystander, Gemini Side, Rishloo @ The Media Club	27	Cancelled Sealed With a Kiss presents: Electrelane, The Blow, Tender Forever @ Richard's On Richards	28	Lacuna Coil, The Gathering, In this Moment, Stolen Babies @ Croatian Cultural Center	29		30	Open Mike @ The Annex	31	Po Girl @ The Red Room Hey Ocean! @ Richards at Richards		

STR- AND- ED

WORDS AND
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY JULIANN
WILDING

HENRY FABERGÉ AND JULIANN
WILDING DRIVE (AND ROCK) ACROSS
CANADA, APRIL 02 – 11, 2007

PAINTING BY
MATTHEW
MCGALE

PROLOGUE

Henry knew before he came to stay with me in January that he would ask me, as his wife, to go back to Toronto with him. He had written it in a letter, which took several weeks longer than he did to arrive in Edmonton.

I agreed immediately to the plan he proposed: to spend the first two weeks of March visiting friends and family in B.C., to then fly back to Edmonton to pack all of my stuff into my van, to throw a kick-ass going-away party, and then to drive together across the country to Toronto. Excitedly, we spent the following three months chasing our leaping hearts and half-formed ideas, making love and art as intermittently as our spastic attention spans would allow.

PREPARATION

My friend, Ted Wright, is a mechanic. He also plays music in the bands Les Tabernacles, James T. Kirk, and The Get Down. Over the years, he has become the unofficial "band van" mechanic in Edmonton, for locals and touring bands alike. He drove a brown van for years, which was held together with coat hangers and duct tape.

He told me that my van was a piece of shit and would not make it across the country. "I wouldn't lie to you kid, it's garbage. It's not even a good parts vehicle. I wouldn't take this thing to Ontario." We decided to do it anyways.

LAST MOMENTS IN EDMONTON

It is impossible to fill the moment of saying goodbye with the details of why you actually care. But the people on the other end just have to know. And I trust that they do. Michal, Chris, and Jana were on the fire escape waving goodbye. On one hand, it seemed a shame to leave the building, as it is a huge studio space with amazing architectural deformations – a complete anomaly in the city of Edmonton. On the other hand, for the millionth time, I had always imagined the building collapsing, falling into itself like a card castle.

The van was packed tight with my stuff, and the spaces between stuff were packed with stuff. We could not see out the back. We removed the back seats to fit in more stuff. We piled stuff at our feet and around us. My worldly possessions had been painstakingly reduced to what we could fit in the vehicle with us. This consisted of only the best of my vintage clothing and shoe collection, books and records, roller skates, a giant stuffed horse, and my immense collection of Letraset. Letraset is an obsolete typeface system, used heavily in print media, before digital font work was readily available. It is very useful for screenprinting and other graphic art, and is extremely coveted by visual art nerds and font enthusiasts.

The weight of our cargo, and the poor condition of the shocks, gave us the feeling of driving a sliding sofa, or a slippery marshmallow.

We pulled away, and began to leave Edmonton. Oh, Edmonton, where I had spent the most formative of my early adult years. There are things I want to tell that awesome little self-deprecating city.

DAY 1 - MONDAY, APRIL 2

The first leg of the drive was a six-hour jaunt to Saskatoon. By the time we left the city, it was almost 6 p.m. Once we were on the highway, I started to wonder if I would still be in Edmonton in my dreams at night.

After you leave the city limits, there is nothing. Stretches and stretches of nothing on either side. Everything is off-white, the ground and the sky divided only by a vague line. It finally hit me that our plan was happening, here we were: my lover and I in a piece-of-shit van on the open highway. It seemed like the most normal thing we could possibly be doing.

There is a wildness that comes out at night, when stretches of road loom ahead, poorly lit, poorly traveled. Henry sat at the wheel, so focused and yet so calm. Manning the machine while my fingers traced patterns on his arm. Long periods of silence were flanked by bursts of hyper energy and goofy outpourings. We made up silly voices and rhymes. We gossiped about everybody we know. We sang along to terrible songs. We talked about sex until we could not stand it anymore – but we could not pull over so, I gave us both hand jobs at the same time.

We had stolen a crate of tape cassettes, which we chose at random to listen to. We chatted excitedly about the people we were parting ways with and those we were headed for.

We got to Saskatoon without a problem, at around 1 a.m. We were staying with our friend, Ryan Drabble, who runs International Group of Pals (IGOP), the most prolific indie-band booking tent in Saskatoon. He is a hardworking, ambitious kid, and when we got into his living room, the evidence of his ubiquitousness was all over the walls: posters from all the shows he and his then-business partner, Lysy (now in Montreal), had booked in Saskatoon. It was amazing to look at the hand-made posters, and to think about all the work that goes into each show. We saw at least a year's worth of bands' tour stops through Saskatoon on those walls.

Ryan was asleep when we got there. We passed out on his couches, pleased at the success of our first day, bubbling with plans for the next.

DAY 2 - TUESDAY, APRIL 3

In the morning, Ryan had to go to work. Before we left, we made squash soup from scratch and left a jar of it in his fridge. We wrote him thank-you notes, and decided to leave Saskatoon as soon as we could, in order to get to Winnipeg in time for a gig our friends were playing that night – Ladyhawk, John Rae and The River, and The Constantines. But we could not leave Saskatoon before going to Value Village.

Somewhere on the way to Value Village, Henry and I decided it would be hilarious if we could get to Winnipeg in time to busk outside of the show. Henry knows the John Rae gang, Ladyhawk had played my Halloween party, and The Constantines had partied at my place at least three times. The idea of showing up outside their show, and busking a surprise set, was pretty awesome – and we could use all the extra gas money we could get.

There is a long stretch somewhere in Manitoba where there are no gas stations for ages. We ran on empty for a terribly long time, in real danger of being stranded in the middle of nowhere. I fantasized a handful of scenarios in which Henry and I jogged along the highway for miles with our gas tankainer. I think it was in North Battleford where we finally found a service station. We were still three hours away, and we had just lost an hour, so it seemed we might not get there in time to busk. Hopefully we could still catch the bands, at least.

We were almost there, within the city limits, and had just pulled off of the highway, when –

– fuck.

"There's a cop behind us," Henry said. "Can you see? Is he flashing his lights? I can't see."

We were only going 80. I looked in the rearview. The cop was flashing his lights. "Yeah, he's pulling us over," I said. Henry pulled over and we waited for the "tap, tap" on the window.

It was at this point when I took a good look around the van, remembering that every square inch of available space in it was filled with something, and some of it was overflowing into the front seats. Even between Henry and I was a cooler, the acoustic guitar, pillows, and a plastic chicken. We also had the dash littered with plastic animals, silk scarves, and a huge sign, which read "NOWHERE FAST". We looked completely insane.

"Do you know how fast you were going?" The cop had on a fur hat.

"Yeah, I do," Henry sounded like he wanted to laugh. "I was going 80." I tried to decide who looked like more of a dirt bag right then, Henry or myself.

"Yes sir, you were going 80. This is a 70 zone. May I see your license and registration?" Suddenly all those days of running around to get the van's temporary insurance and an "in transit" registration seemed worth it. We actually had legitimate papers to hand over.

The cop disappeared with our IDs and papers. I decided that Henry looked like more of a dirt bag. No wait – me. Or, I was definitely greasier, but perhaps he was more unkempt.

The cop returned. "Well, all of your papers check out okay. But I have to ask, do you have an open container of gasoline in the vehicle?"

"No, we don't," Henry said. "Why do you ask?"

"I can smell gas quite strongly, can you guys not smell it?"

Suddenly, I could smell it. Suddenly, I realized the vehicle absolutely reeked of gasoline. Suddenly, I remembered the three – no wait, four – things that Ted had told me were wrong with the van: a fuel leak, a busted radiator, basically no tailpipe, and blown shocks.

"We have a small fuel leak, but we didn't realize it was that bad," Henry explained. He then also claimed to be a mechanic and said that he knew of the problem. Henry is really good at sounding earnest without any hesitation.

The cop decided that he and his partner had better look under the van. They took forever. I sat there growing more and more paranoid. We must have bottomed out on the highway a couple of times, and made the fuel leak worse. How bad was it? Could we go on? I was itching to get away. The cop talked to Henry again. I could not hear what he was saying. I just stared at his fur hat and yellow highway patrol jacket.

"If someone flicked a cigarette anywhere near your vehicle, you could explode." Great, I tuned back in from my space-out just as the cop was describing our demise to my husband. I imagined Henry and I flying through the air from a blast, van parts and boxes of Letraset and clothing flying around us – me, desperate to just grab his hand in the middle of the fiery explosion. Would our love be able to save us? Why did I feel as if we would not die, even if the van did explode? As long as our hands could reach each other through the blast –

"You can't go on. You'll have to have the vehicle fixed as soon as possible, in Winnipeg. It's too dangerous to drive."



Julian on the wall

Henry assured him that we would do just that, and the officer was so frightened for us he forgot about the speeding ticket.

I suppose he was a blessing in disguise. I had to take it as an omen – now two people had said, "your vehicle is unsafe to drive." We would be idiots to keep going.

The drive into the heart of Winnipeg was terrifying. Gasoline fumes were emanating from our van. We were driving a volatile bomb. I gripped the seat and stared at cars around us to make sure nobody was smoking, or about to throw a cigarette butt out of the window. I assured myself repeatedly that it was going to be okay, while I imagined the worst. I ate a fistful of gummy bears at an alarming pace.

We found the venue. We stepped out of the van and walked away from it, into the fresh air, hand in hand. It was amazing. We would think of the van later.

We swung the doors open to find Doug, the drummer for The Constantines, and Duffy, the singer for Ladyhawk. Hugs and high-fives all around! After we got over our shock of seeing each other out of context, they got us into the gig and we went to watch John Rae and The River, whom I had never seen before. They were straight up "indie" country, and kind of boring to watch. The female singer has a twangy "nu-country" sound to her voice that I am really not into. So, instead of giving them my undivided attention, I talked with Ryan, the drummer for Ladyhawk.

Having a couple of drinks and conversation with our cross-Canada indie rock buddies could only take our minds off the van for so long. It was not long before Henry and I were imparting our tale of woe. Bands always have elaborate stories about vans breaking and exploding and dying, and I secretly hope for some amazing about-all-odds success stories. Since we did not even know the extent of the damage, we thought we would see if any of them happened to be mechanics as well as musicians. They were not.

"Go to Canadian Tire, there is some kind of Epoxy you can get," Ryan suggested, "Then, just get under there tomorrow, and fix the holes."

Um ... fix the holes?

"Make sure you drain the gas tank first, though," he continued.

Henry and I looked at each other uncertainly. "Let's take it somewhere tomorrow and have it looked at." That settled it, it was time to watch The Constantines.

The sound at the venue was shit. Even so, The Constantines played a rollicking, high-energy set which sounded awesome. I prefer seeing The Constantines live to hearing their records. There is something intangible that happens when those boys are all onstage together, which cannot be captured on any CD. They came on for an encore to reward the screaming crowd, and played "Thunderstruck", which was both awesome and hilarious.

By the time everyone was hanging out and chatting, we had managed to locate Mike B, our host; incidentally, he was also the promoter for the show we had just seen. He also booked Henry's show when he toured there in the fall. He is our friend Nevine's online crush, so we basically knew him.

It was a relief to hit his couch. Mike B's apartment was spotless, and his tiny kitty was a sight for sore eyes. Henry and I slept wrapped around each other on one couch, even though there were two.

DAY 3 - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4

The next morning, we brought the van to Tony's Auto Body Shop. Tony's was recommended because it is an honest little independent place where they will tell you the minimum you need to have done in order to get your vehicle back on the road.

When they called us back later that day, the news was grim. Our entire fuel line was completely rotten, from the gas tank right to the engine. Apparently someone had tried to fix some smaller leaks in it before, and had done a weird job of it, using clamps or something, ultimately making it worse. Now it could not be patched, and the whole line was going to have to be replaced. It would be a time-consuming job, because a new fuel line had to be fitted. The estimate was \$500. That was the rest of our gas money. We were stranded in Winnipeg.

We discussed alternatives to getting the van fixed, but nothing would be any less expensive. We decided right away that the Greyhound was out; there was no fun or glory in showing up in Toronto after taking the Greyhound. Were we 15-year-old girls? Hell no, we are resourceful adults. There had to be a way for us to make \$500 in less than a week in a strange city where we only knew one person. There just had to be. We could play shows and make crafts to sell, but something had to happen.

It was Wednesday. The van could be fixed the following day, but because the day after that was Good Friday, we could pick it up on Monday. After we confirmed with Mike B that he was okay with us taking over his living room for the rest of the week, we went to the Auto Shop to get our art supplies, my sewing machine, and the guitar out of the van.

We got back to Mike B's and collapsed in his living room, ready to make some crafts. Mike B DJs a night every Thursday, called Good Form, at the Collective Cabaret. He asked us if we wanted to play it, before the dance party. The bar would pay us \$100, plus drink tickets, and we could set up our merch and sell it. We were so excited. I got to work, making felt owl badges and yarn octopus badges. Henry found a military toy catalogue, laying in a parking lot puddle, which he made into fridge magnets with funny slogans applied with Letraset. We worked all day, and then hung out with Mike B, and his friend Loren, that evening. So far, being stuck in Winnipeg was not that bad.

DAY 4 - THURSDAY, APRIL 5

We wanted to busk during the day, as well, to try to make some money, but it was so damn cold the next day there were no people out. We went on a walk, to find super glue, and found that Winnipeg has kept a lot of its older, beautiful buildings. There are plenty of brick walk-ups with amazing old signage and little aesthetic design quirks. There is a small bridge over the Assiniboine River, leading to Osbourne Village, with a little walking park below. The river had risen quite a bit, and then frozen, so that trees and lamp posts were partially submerged and encased in an icy trap. It looked so damn cool that we decided to come back the next day to film a short scene there for the horror movie we have been working on.

We went back to Mike B's to finish our crafts, and have a short practica, before we had to go to the venue for sound check. The venue was the same one which Henri Fabergé and the Adorables had played when they were on tour in November with The Bicycles. It was cold and empty when we got there. We did a quick sound check and set up our little merch table. Mike B had told us that the band would be on at 10 p.m., and that not many people would be there, because the crowd shows up later on for the dance party. Because the show was spur-of-the-moment, and not advertised, we were more than happy to play for the ten to fifteen people who were in the room. And, though it was just Henry, me, and two microphones, it was great. It was also really special, because it was our first time performing together, ever. This made me really nervous, but I just went for it. It was difficult to play without a drummer, but the small audience was sitting, listening and responding. We finished the set with "The Goddamn Light". By then, people were starting to come in for the dance party.

We set up a larger table with all of our wares on the stage, determined to sell our crafts to people as they got more and more drunk. Mike B was DJing, and the place got seriously packed. It was the day before Good Friday, and Mike had said that it is one of the busiest drinking nights of the year in Winnipeg, because on the holiday Friday, a lot of places are closed.

When we got home at 3 a.m., we counted our earnings for the night. Including what we got paid to play, we had made \$223. Not bad. Exhausted, we fell asleep on the couch.

Somewhere in the course of getting drunk, Mike B's business partner, Ashley, asked us if we could play that Sunday at The Elephant and Castle. They have live music every Sunday, and there would be a Winnipeg band called Boats playing that night, but we could open for them. So, we already had our next gig lined up.

DAY 5 - FRIDAY, APRIL 6

The next day was Good Friday. Mike B sheepishly asked if we wanted to accompany him to his family gathering in Altona, Manitoba – a Mennonite community about an hour away from Winnipeg. We agreed, and spent the day in the banquet room of a curling and hockey rink in Altona, where we ate salads and cold cuts, drank Dr. Pepper, and played Uno with Mike's lovely, and very welcoming, cousins. We stayed the night at the family house in Altona and watched A Time to Kill on TBS and ate popcorn.

DAY 6 - SATURDAY, APRIL 7

On Saturday, we drove back to Winnipeg. Henry and I got out the camera and my curly wig, and headed back to the bridge over Assiniboine River to film that short segment for the horror movie. The trees were trapped in a thin layer of ice, which crackled like paper under our feet, but did not break. We went on a long walk, and bought some scotch for my birthday, and then went back to Mike B's to make more merch for the show on Sunday.

We were running out of food and wanted to get some bread to make sandwiches. Mike told us about a café-bakery a couple of blocks away called Common Ground, but explained that it might be weird because it was run by a cult. A cult?

"They all live together in this mansion. There are around 30 of them," he told us. Intrigued, we went out to find it.

From the outside, Common Ground looked like an earthy, hippie sort of establishment, which featured a mural of a king sharing coffee with a pauper on its side. The doors were open, so we went inside. We were greeted by an earthy woman wearing a lumpy turtle-neck, and her androgynous child, as we entered the otherwise empty café. We explained that we had come looking for bread.

"Oh, we're not open for business, because it's the Sabbath," she told us. "So we don't sell anything today. But we offer our friends and neighbours a cup of tea."

While it was a nice offer, we explained that we really did not need tea, just bread. The woman told us her name was Hava, and after hearing our tale of exploding fuel lines and being stranded in Winnipeg, she offered to just give us two loaves of bread, because they can't sell anything on the Sabbath. She then asked us to sit down, while she prepared us a drink that she and her 'community' were really into – a Brazilian tea called yerba maté. She told us that members of her commune ran the café, and that they were starting 'communities' all over the world.

"We're like bee hives," she explained. "We live and work together. We're springing up all over the place. We've got a community in Victoria, and Nelson, and one in Brazil – they send us the yerba maté! A new one will soon be appearing in Vancouver."

Hava's vocal mannerisms were very strange, but she was very kind, so we listened intently while she made us our Maté. "We worship Joshua. That's the Hebrew word for 'Jesus'. Here is something we wrote." She handed us a paper magazine, called Man's Fatal Flaw: Why Can't Man Just Get Along? It was written by the Twelve Tribes, the name of their cult. Just then, a bearded young man with very focused eyes came in.

"Ah, this is Lev, with my son," Hava told us.

We realized we had passed Lev and the child on the street on our way in. The boy looked exactly like the other child, which I presumed to be a girl. They all sat and stared at us.

"I saw you on the street," Lev said very slowly, "and I almost gave you a maté card. I thought, 'I've got to talk to that guy.'" There was a momentary silence.

Hava was almost finished making our maté by then. She even made one for Mike B, after we told her we were staying with a friend. The daughter whispered something to Hava, and she told us the child would like to offer us dessert. They sent us off with three peanut butter balls, the two loaves of bread, three yerba maté's, and the Twelve Tribes magazine. They seemed sad to see us go. We promised to come back to have lunch on Monday, and then we left.

That night we hung out with Mike, drank some scotch, and made some more stickers and badges to sell at the show the following night. Later on, we lit off some expired fireworks we had with us – to celebrate my birthday. It was called The Jeweled Fountain and, considering it was over ten years old, it blew up pretty good.



Julian and a strapped rocker



Henry (aka Henri Fabergé)



Gracious host, Mike B



Julian and Henry the happy wanderers

DAY 7 - SUNDAY, APRIL 8

Sunday, we walked around Winnipeg, trying to find a kazoo to accompany our guitar and vocals, but everything was closed.

The Elephant and Castle Pub in Winnipeg is attached to a hotel. As well as being paid for the gig, we were also being given a meal each and a bar tab. We set up our merch and started selling some of the custom stickers Henry had made before we even played. The bar was about half-full and the sound was terrible, but we had a really fun time. I borrowed a tambourine from the kids in Boats, and Henry and I played about six songs. I think our best one was "O! Ela". We filled the time between songs with silly improv banter, which Henry is really good at. I felt there was nowhere I would rather be on my birthday than in this little pub attached to a hotel in Winnipeg, playing a haphazard show with my husband for a tiny crowd.

Boats were also really great; the singer has an unusual but very pleasing voice. They were drinks left to let us open for them. After the show, we all hung out, and Ashley made sure the really kid coming. Soon, Mike B looked wasted and Henry was lying down on the booth seat smiling. It was probably the best night.

I think we made about \$150 that night. Although we still did not have quite enough money for the van repair, we were determined to leave the next day, and to just deal with it the best we could.

DAY 8 - MONDAY, APRIL 9

We called Tony's in the morning, to find out that the van was fixed. The repair cost \$485, and we were ready to go. Tony warned us that the brake lines were also in rough shape, and that we should take it easy. He then assured us that we would probably be okay. "Probably" was enough for us; we were ready to hit the road.

After packing up our stuff, which was strewn all over Mike B's living room, and saying our goodbyes, we were finally on the road to Thunder Bay – five days late. It was around an eight hour drive there, but we were also going to lose another hour by traveling east. We left in the middle of the afternoon, so we decided not to stop, even though we both really wanted to hit some more thrift stores.

In Thunder Bay, we were to stay at The Apollo, a bar and concert venue with an apartment above, where bands often stay. Henry and his Adorables had stayed there while on tour, so he arranged with Sheila, the woman who runs the place, for the two of us to sleep there that night.

It was a long drive, but we were in good spirits. We arrived in Thunder Bay at about midnight. The Apollo was not open that night, but Sheila's brother let us into the enormous upstairs apartment. The impressive building had nine bedrooms and fifteen beds, two bathrooms, and a kitchen. We were starving, so we decided to wander around Thunder Bay to see what was open.

We went down a couple of streets, and in the distance I could see a few people smoking outside of what looked like a bar. As we got closer, I realized – holy shit – I know those people! It was my friends Derek, Devon, and Krista from You Say Party! We Say Die! They had stayed at my house in Edmonton, just 10 days earlier. We had no idea they were going to be in town that night.

We shrieked with the excitement of seeing each other – more hugs and high fives. The bar they stood outside of was closing, but we found another place that was still open. The five of us happily walked there, chatting and laughing.

The YSP/WSDI gang were on their way back across the country after their Exclaim! tour with Malajube and Champion. They had one show left: the next night, at a house party in Winnipeg. We sat around and gossiped, drank beer and ate free popcorn and shitty quesadillas at some crummy bar filled with rowdy locals. It was awesome.

At one point, we were accosted by an extremely excitable drunk, who had seen YSP/WSDI on MTV Canada. He was so drunk, he thought Henry and I were members of the band; he really, really wanted to "hang out with us". He and his girlfriend, and their buddies, sat with us – until Henry accidentally insulted the wasted girlfriend by calling her, "the whitest Asian he had ever seen" (she was wearing Burberry). She started whining to her boyfriend that she, in her words, sucked at it, and he loudly worried back that he might not get laid that night. A stocky guy named Tyson told us terrible sexist jokes and talked about meth, before leaving to drunkenly drive his friend's truck home.

The five of us left to go back to The Apollo. When we got to the van, we decided it was an appropriate occasion to light off one of the expired fireworks, which Henry and I had brought with us from Alberta. This round was Basket of Cherries, and it was impressive; it shot bouncing balls of red sparks down the street.

We went upstairs, and Henry and I showed the gang what was left of our merch, while Derek rolled a joint. We gave them a few of our custom stickers, and I gave Krista an owl badge. We showed them all the footage for the horror movie we had filmed to that point, and then we gossiped some more until they were all sleepy and decided to leave. It had been such a lovely surprise to run into them.

As soon as they left, Henry and I began to peel each other's clothes off and make out. We showered and then chased each other around the huge apartment, kissing and fondling and horsing about. We ended up fucking in every single bed in the place – top bunks, bottom bunks, single beds – even the Lazy Boy – until we settled on the biggest bed we could find to sleep in for the night. It was the coziest sleep we had on our entire journey.

DAY 9 - TUESDAY, APRIL 10

We woke up really early and decided to get on the road as soon as we could. We were going to drive straight back to Toronto that day. At least 16 hours.

The daytime hours were easiest. We still had chocolate and it was sunny. We listened to tapes and chatted excitedly. We were really excited to get back to Toronto.

We stopped in Marathon, Ontario for lunch. The restaurant we stopped at was really close to a little community thrift store – one of those tiny little thrift stores, run by cozy old ladies who have just cleaned out their rummage room for the first time in ten years. Everything was dirt-cheap. We got a Super 8 camera and an 8mm projector, hardly used, for \$10; I got a wicked vintage grey leather purse for \$1, and several lovely silk scarves for 25 cents each. We found a Star Trek VHS board game, a wood burning kit, a handful of plastic animals, and about ten cassette tapes – Anthrax, Ozzy, Megadeth, and Cinderella. Yes!

I do not know how – because the van was already completely full – but we somehow managed to fit all this stuff in around us once we were both sitting. Impressed with our bounty, we were ready to continue.

Somewhere outside of White River, we were pulled over and issued two tickets. The first was for speeding, 118 in a 90 zone. The cop who pulled us over revealed to us that our "in transit" registration had expired. Shit! The permits are only issued for a week, and ours had expired while we were stuck in Winnipeg. So we were driving a vehicle that was not legally registered – ticket number two, for a total of \$200.

"You know, you should really head back to White River and get another 'in transit' permit," the cop told us. Henry and I were silently horrified.

"Will the registry be open at this time?" Henry asked. It was past 4:30 p.m.

"Probably not. Why don't I drive back with you and you can spend the night in White River?" This offended Henry and I even more. How was that possibly an option, getting stranded, again? The cop went back to his car to call the registry. Henry and I looked at each other.

"Is he going to escort us back to White River?" I asked, disgusted. This did not fit in with our plans.

The cop returned to tell us the registry in White River was closed. He recommended that we drive up to Wawa, the next small town, to stay the night there, and wait for the registry to open in the morning. "You can't drive on in an unregistered vehicle," he told us. "Let's get the fuck out of here," Henry said. We had absolutely no intention of stopping in Wawa.

"Yeah," I said, "Yeah, let's just go to Toronto."

Since we were now renegades, we had to drive the speed limit the entire way to ensure we were not pulled over again. As it got dark it got it, became more and more stressful. We stopped in Saulte Saint Marie to buy some groceries for dinner, and went to Value Village, which was conveniently in the same place. We added to our treasures another 8mm projector, a button maker, several pairs of tights and a little dress and matching jacket with anchor buttons. More stuff to pile around us!

We had heard that there is a long stretch between Saulte Saint Marie and Sudbury where there are no gas stations, so we filled up before leaving town. Not only are there no gas stations, there is nothing. Ribbon after ribbon of empty black road spread out before us – sometimes a divided highway, sometimes the dreadful skinny roads that scare the shit out of me.

DAY 10 - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11 (EPILOGUE)

Canada has a lot of empty space. There are vast chunks of empty land all over the country. It is really underdeveloped, which I find fascinating – it reeks of potential, but is also frightening, because it impresses upon you just how easily Canada could be taken over. I had just read an interview with Iggy Pop, who described Canada as "the sleeping giant"; his statement rang true as we drove through hour upon hour of emptiness.

I fed Henry chunks of a baguette with slices of provolone and forkfuls of Greek salad to keep him alive. The drive boomed on.

We finally reached Sudbury and decided to get gas. This meant finding a gas station that was open that early in the morning. It also meant driving around and around the small town, trying not to get pulled over by the cops – and there were cop cars everywhere! Every time we turned a corner, or pulled up to a stoplight, there was a cop car. We were paranoid that the other cop might have put the word out about our license plate number, and that we would get in trouble for not going to Wawa. Every time we saw a cop, we would creep down to about 40. At one point, we were stopped at a traffic light, right next to the fuzz. When the light turned green, Henry still pretended to read the map book, but the police had not pulled ahead. So we drove right in front of them, our '06 license stickers flashing at them. They turned off at the next street.

We finally found a gas station that was open. Henry called his roommates to tell them we would be home in about four hours. We were so fucking excited – the last leg!

The hardest leg. I tried so hard to stay awake, so I could make sure Henry stayed awake. Four hours felt like ten. I fell asleep for about 45 minutes – I could not help it, I felt terrible. I woke up, and the same Bell Biv DeVoe tape was playing for the fourth time. Henry looked intense and a bit frazzled.

The last two hours were the longest. Watching the kilometres diminish every time we passed a highway sign. The last two hours. We just had to get through two more hours. The stars looked amazing. The sky was starting to change colour; purple was seeping into the endless black. Henry said he had never been so excited to know he was in Barrie. We neared city limits. Suddenly it was easy to stay awake.

We pulled up to 1059 Bathurst at 6 a.m. Toronto! We made it: without exploding, without getting arrested, and without running out of gas. We made it without hitting a deer or a moose, without driving off the road, and without getting smacked by a semi. The relief of the end of the long journey enveloped us as the stars disappeared from the sky. We tumbled out of the van, and onto the street. Home. Now to get some sleep, find storage for all my stuff, find jobs, pay our rent, and get rid of our useless van ... the next morning. We would do it all the next morning. **b**



ART+GEEK= VIVO

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SPRING/SUMMER '07

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Whether you are new to electronic media and want to find out what S:Lab workshops are about, or have a project underway that you need help to complete, or just want to jam - this is a workshop for you to take. It is free and open to everybody.

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Using visual programming language Pure-Data and GEM, the "Graphics Environment for Multimedia" library for Pd, we will learn how to generate and manipulate still and moving images, and how to make them respond to commands in real-time.

SONIC MEDIA with Pd

This class will introduce participants to using the programming language Pure-Data with sound. We will work with recorded sound and experiment with manipulating sound from inside the computer. By the end of this class participants will be able to record and play back sounds, use commands to transform them in real-time and build their own synthesizer.

MEDIA INTEGRATION & INTERFACING

In this workshop we will learn how to link visual, sonic and physical media through Pure-Data and how to control images and sounds using sensors, microcontrollers and electronic circuits. To connect the circuits to Pure-Data, we will use the Arduino board.

KINETIC MEDIA & ELECTRONICS

A course to "make your art move", intended for those interested in kinetic sculpture, robotics and sensor technology. You will learn how to use electric motors with microcontrollers and how to build your own creative circuitry with components such as switches, resistors, LEDs, photo transistors, relays, timing circuits, transistors, etc.

FLASH

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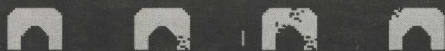
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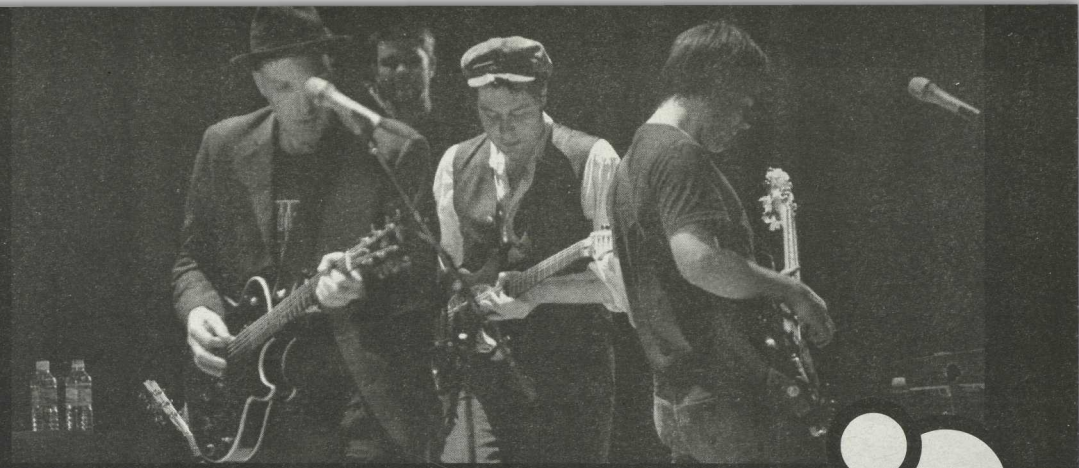


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RHEOSTATICS

THE FAREWELL SHOW

MARCH 30
MASSEY HALL, TORONTO

PHOTO BY JACQUELINE JONES

AIR
* KATE HAVNEVİK

APRIL 21
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

PHOTO BY
JULIE
SIMCOE

"Good. Gone. Dead."

That was the tag line for Rheostatics' farewell show, which the played to a sold out house of fans gathered from across the continent. Because of the careful wording of the press release, indicating that this show would be the last outing of the current line-up, the utter feeling of finality was inescapable. Onstage, as they trotted out the drummers of yore (Dave Clark and Don Kerr), told morbid jokes about chopping off hands, and discussed the possibility of soloing through the casino circuit, it really felt like the end of something.

The show was a testament to the accomplishments made during band's quarter-century career: beautiful guitar sounds carried the listener from coast to coast, finally submerging into an ocean of nostalgia. Rheostatics spent half of their three-and-a-half hour set on songs from Melville and Whale Music, their classic second and third albums, giving one the sense that it was just as much a reminiscence for the band, as for their fans.

Poor Martin Tielli was ill, his voice unable to hit the signature falsetto notes of so many of his songs. But every time the energy of the show ebbed, one of the other Rheostatics jumped in to steer the ship back on course. Whether it was an adlib from Dave Bidini, or Tim Vesley reaching a microphone over so Kerr could chime in on a lyric, the years on stage together wore well on the band that night: the boys supported each other creatively and, on this night in particular, emotionally. Tielli seemed to have the toughest time, commenting that he kept adjusting his cap to keep his 'mind off of things.'

But it was not all as tragic as it seemed. Rheostatics took the opportunity to demonstrate their longevity that night — they engaged the fans, and more particularly in between songs, joked they probably knew the names of most audience members. Highlights also included a theatrical reenactment of a Bidini experience at a Joe Jackson show, gaudy pads played as percussion, and an audience sing-a-long finale.

As they walked off stage for the final time, Tielli called out to the audience, 'See ya soon!' Drummer Michael Phillip Wojewoda then looked at him questioningly. Maybe it was an uncanny prediction, maybe just a joke, or maybe denial that a great Canadian band is dead.

Keith Shillabeer

It seems to me that Air is, in many ways, a seasonal band, meant for languorously rolling around on bottle-green lawns and brushing back flops of hair to place a daisy behind the ear of your amour. Perhaps this is why the show venue, Richards, reminded me a bit of that time when your older sister informed you that your sand-castle looked "kind-of-crappy".

The opener, Kate Havnevik's set was agreeably short. Outstretching her arms like a character in Phantom of the Opera, Havnevik's Bjork-inspired voice sounded a little too radio-ready over her pre-recorded tracks — it gave away her classically trained background. Havnevik has received much hype lately, perhaps due to the inclusion of one her songs on Grey's Anatomy, which made it difficult to gage the integrity of her music — especially with painfully-contrived lyrics like, "Timeless / Love is a cure / A promise / Still so pure". Still, her optimistic euro-styled electronic pop will certainly appeal to certain masses — I even told my Mum about her — especially the album itself, which proves slightly more compelling than her well-intentioned, yet ultimately underwhelming, live set.

Then there was Air. All the sexy clichés we associate with their particular brand of lofty French electronic soundtrack pop were animatedly played upon live. From the beginning of the set, a bright white strobe light shone from behind Nicholas Godin and Jean-Benoît Dunckel, silhouetting them in blue halos and casting a vast brightness over the crowd, blinding some and forcing others to look away from the stage and back into the crowd until the tempo, and invariably the lights, changed. Only between numbers was the lights show momentarily switched off to reveal the two musicians in their immaculate little white pants — all business.

The song lineup was rather nostalgically-weighted in Air's older material from their last three albums. Perhaps this was because they felt they had some catching up to do, given the rarity of live Air performances in Vancouver. Hearing the songs they did play from their newest album, Pocket Symphony, it seemed clear this album shifts to a more spectral and quieter sound. The new material is an honest and well balanced progression from their earlier work.

The show, then, read like a retrospective, capitalizing on a well-known aesthetic, rather than attempting to re-invent themselves album by album, live show by live show, as so many bands do.

Air are a confident band, able to gauge their audience and keep them in anticipation of long-awaited build-ups, or an even longer-awaited encore of everyone's favorite numbers. Predictable, but you got the feeling the joke was not on them. All that, and sexy French "Sank-you, sank-you vevy much." accents? Come back anytime, guys! But only in the summer.

Betsy Knox

REAL
LIVE

FACTION



PHOTO BY JIM BOURNE

MODEST MOUSE

+ LOVE AS LAUGHTER
+ GRAND ARCHIVES

APRIL 16
PNE FORUM

There has been a lot to talk about Modest Mouse lately. From the line-up change which brought former Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr into the fold, to the monumental amount of airplay for the first single, "Dashboard," to constant discussions of the ramifications of the band's so-called popularity, there has been no shortage of discussion topics. Yet, as this show approached, the preponderance of chit chat about it seemed to revolve around the venue they would play at. The show, moved to the PNE Forum from neighboring Pacific Coliseum, brought about a general consensus that neither venue was ideal for Modest Mouse. Even the band's kingpin, Isaac Brock called the venue a "big brick shoebox" during banter in between songs.

Grand Archives and Love As Laughter were both of little consequence. Both bands had qualities which seemed to give them license to open for Modest Mouse, yet both were sadly not up to the task. Grand Archives showed a little potential, with a few songs of fever-stricken rock, and a sound reminiscent of Neil Young's harder material. However, they sustained no real vigor or interest from the crowd.

Modest Mouse's set began with much more promise, as the band immediately treated everyone to some older favorites. Both the band and crowd gained energy on the heels of new album's standout, "Fire It Up," and just when the show seemed poised to boil-over — half way through a rousing rendition of "Tiny Cities Made Of Ashes" — the group devolved into a jam band. Johnny Marr did more interesting things that night than he did in his time between the Smiths break-up and joining Modest Mouse. Brock maintained his tortured genius persona, but the show was blighted by constant feedback. In retrospect, the band did not put on a bad show, as they managed rock the notoriously finicky venue much better than anticipated.

Pádraig Watson

THE CLIPS

+ PANURGE
+ BEND SISTER

MARCH 30
THE CHAPEL

On one of those late-March nights, so obviously orchestrated to mock those of us who believed spring was duly sprung, a gathering of artistically-minded stylish young Vancouverites took place just behind Pat's Pub, at a place called The Chapel.

Edo Van Breemen, lead singer and keyboardist for The Clips, spearheaded the musical plan for the night, and 3rd year Emily Carr student Sally Hutcheon looked after corralling the young artistic talents, filling the many rooms with well-hung eye candy — she called the whole shebang her "Vague Undertaking". To find works that featured images as diverse as tree trunks painted on human flesh by an artist named Chloe, and nautically-themed re-workings by Ed Spence, Hutcheon called upon friends and classmates to exhibit recent works — drawing heavily on those who, according to Van Breemen, are "tentatively named The Chair Factory Collective." This same group of kids is responsible for the steady movement, and nausea-inducing enthusiasm, to be found on the dancefloor at any given Clips show.

The frequency of Clips appearances around town, of late, and the omnipresence of the band's spray-painted paper clip logo up and down streets are of high repute. One could be forgiven for thinking the band has an album to push, but such is not yet the case. "Music's in the can," according to the band, and can be expected soon, but the live shows have garnered fans based on their own merit. Van Breemen chose two of his favourite Vancouver bands to share the Chapel bill, but decided it was only fair to give his own band the opening slot.

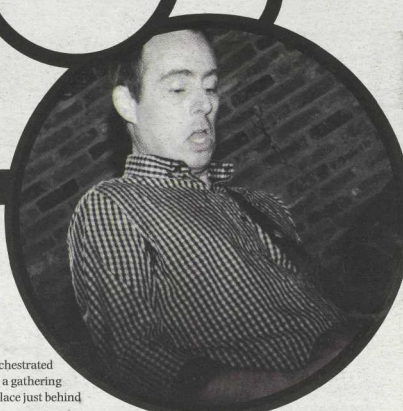
That opening slot meant the band played to a less-than-full room, and experienced a few sound glitches (well, those problems ended up plaguing all three bands — since when do bass speakers go on top?). However, the difficulties were transcended, and a solid set came together. The Clips managed to get a room full of awkward, not-yet-drunk bodies moving by feeding the crowd a series of keyboard-fueled meandering pop gems.

Following the crowd favorites may have been tough for Bend Sister, but you would never have known it from watching the band play. Lead singer Dan Moxon, who I have never seen behind a keyboard before, is a powerhouse. Cliché as it may be, Bend Sister made me feel, for those 45 minutes, as though I was at a stadium rock show. I have mocked Dan's record collection in the past, but seeing the band live shed new light on how influences like Supertramp and Billy Joel shape the music of now.

By the time Panurge took the stage, people were drunk enough to take on Dancy Party, Round Three. Guitarist/vocalist John Schubert joked with me at the beginning of the night that they would be lucky if 12 people were still there by the night's end. John's worries were put to bed by those not yet ready to visit their own.

Most people managed to take in Bend Sister and Panurge's performances, and the art show which inspired the get-together in the first place. I left the building with a solid understanding of why people are so crazy about up-and-comers like The Clips, and how cool it is when young artists get together in an effort to support their own. Well done, youthful hopefuls!

Julie Colero



DEERHUNTER

• THE PONY'S

APRIL 11
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

As I walked into Richards last night, an eerie silence fell over me — not exactly of the pin-drop variety, but a silence, nonetheless, I was there to see Deerhunter, and it seems only a handful of fellow concertgoers had similar intentions. Perhaps the big hockey game on that night was to blame for the lack of bodies, or maybe it was Deerhunter being billed as The Ponys's opening act which dissuaded some. Whatever the reason, the emptiness cast a strange glow over the bar.

Nonetheless, I had been itching to see Deerhunter in the flesh ever since I read a scathing testimonial on their MySpace page. In it, the author writes, "I've seen over 100 shows in my life, and I've seen bad, believe me. But you guys take the cake ... If I see your flyer in my town, I will take it down. If you are booked anywhere within a State of me, I will publicly speak and tell people not to go. You are a pile of shit in this 'thing' we call the music business. Go get a job, Fuckin' wannabes."

Needless to say, my curiosity was piqued, and I needed to see for myself if there was any truth in this vicious band-bashing. As I expected, there was not. When Deerhunter ripped into a mind-crushing set of experimental strangeness, it became brutally clear this was going to be a show to remember — a show to file in my rolodex of great rock-n-roll memories. Live, the young Southerners amped-up their darker, more sinister side, throwing a cloak of reverb and red light over ricocheting vocal loops and droning six-strings. The result was a more hypnotic sound than on Deerhunter's recordings, and the small, appreciative crowd soaked up a set consisting mostly of songs from their brilliant Cryptograms.

Regardless of the aural pleasure, it was the outrageous sight of singer Bradford Cox which will forever be burned into my memory. Beginning the show in a green hooded jumper and khakis, his attire soon gave way to what appeared to be an elderly woman's nightgown, complete with lace, frills and a rather high hem. His skeletal frame then proceeded to creep among various instruments and bandnates, hovering above the crowd as he mixed low, guttural sounds into pop-like melodies. The effect was a surreal, to say the least, and it came off like some Lynchian scene that makes you nervous to sleep alone.

When the group dismounted the stage, I was left feeling somewhat shaken, but entirely satisfied. Perhaps someday, I will tell my grandkids about this one, and perhaps my wife will be clothed in evening wear similar to Cox's when I do.

Technically, Chicago rockers The Ponys were the headliners at this show, but, judging by crowd reaction, the bands could have easily been switched on the bill. Nothing was wrong with The Ponys, per se, but their anticlimactic set was nothing all that remarkable, either.



PHOTO BY JESS BOURNE

REGINA SPEKTOR

APRIL 21
COMMODORE BALLROOM

In an age of over-produced Avril Lavigne wannabes, one magical lady stands out — or at least that was the notion I got when I saw Regina Spektor play. She sat alone at her piano for most of the night, with no backing vocals or supporting band, proving that her voice is a force to be reckoned with.

Leading the crowd in sing-alongs and covering John Lennon's "Real Love" were just a few things which showcased her effortless voice and a genuine love for her fans. She thanked the audience at least over ten times during 90-minute long set, giggling and smiling after every compliment thrown her way.

I have always been a fan of Regina's, and if anything, I am more of a fan now having seen her live. Her setlist was quite impressive, with some unreleased songs included in addition to, of course, her hits. As she played songs like "Baby Jesus" and "Music Box," the audience became divided, with only the hardcore fans singing along. "Samson" and "Fidelity" brought the crowd back together again. During "Real Love," which brought all The Beatles fans to tears, she hit the wrong piano key, giggled and looked up, mumbling, "Sorry John."

This was Regina's first time in Vancouver, and considering the show sold out almost immediately, I am sure she will be back soon — at least I hope so.

An audience member summed up the evening nicely: "Vancouver loves Regina!"

Meg Bourne



PHOTO BY JESS BOURNE

KELLARISSA

• IAN WYATT

MARCH 23
BLIM

Ian Wyatt is sitting in front of me, and he is interested in doing away with the binding sense of having to sit still, my stillness, the stillness of the entire room. I can tell this because of the way he speaks, as if the show really is a conversation — but does it have to be one? I want to yell back at him. Surely, I have something to do with this subtle tearing apart of convention. And yet, as I sit here with my right hand wound tightly around another's left, I am grinning, but silent. But that boy! He carries on as if I had spoken to him, like the others have, the brave ones, and he rocks back and forth like an animal.

The songs Wyatt plays reach for midnight, reach for the space that runs between the days, seeping from darkness on forth into light. I can not help but wonder why it takes so long to hear the audience chime in with a chorus of support. He sits there, only him and his guitar, and in the silence I think I hear an invisible multitude answering him back — knowing all the words — and I am one of them. Although this display is a destruction of the things etched upon us, it is also a physical manifestation of what lays beneath.

And then there is Kellarissa. She is small and sits behind what looks like a large set of keys. Her words I do not know, but I cannot know them — they are of a different tongue, an unfamiliar one. Perhaps she is from a different world. I could almost convince myself of her otherness, were it not for the music — reminiscent of a god, and punctuated by slight profanity directed at malfunctioning foot pedals. However, the magnification of her voice seems to border on the unholy — as if there truly is chorus, a choir, a floor full of women possessed, looping round her in collapsing circles. The woman concocts a sound that calls for frankincense and myrrh. Nearing the abrupt end of her ceremony, a final lashing out at electricity and faulty communication wires offers a small hint of her vulnerability, despite the presence she has filled the room with. I find the myself filled with that presence, even still, I am compelled to admit that her songs have become a part of me — the way my hand still weaves tightly around that of the boy near me.

c. turions

The 69 Eyes

Angels

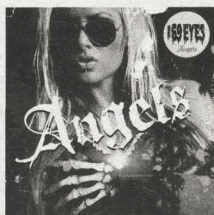
(Caroline Records/EMI Finland)

Much like their Finnish compatriots, **H.I.M.**, The 69 Eyes have a great pop-rock sound that gets you grooving. A problem can sometimes arise when you dwell on the lyrics you find stuck in your head. Not that anyone buys pop-rock looking for in-depth, or even particularly clever, lyrics. But lines like "Never say die / Leave me alone in the night / Keep me away from the light" make 80s Sunset Strip bands like **L.A. Guns** sound like **Leonard Cohen**. Even after hearing a couple of their albums, I still don't know whether to dismiss The 69 Eyes as cheesy, or to laud them as geniuses who can walk that tongue-in-cheek line, just shy of self-parody. It all depends on the song.

I did enjoy most of this latest The 69 Eyes disc. It's a little crunchier than their previous work, boasting many great riffs and lush melodies – including a cameo by **Apocalypica** on the track "Ghosts." I think they must have been listening to some **Rob Zombie** shortly prior to writing "Frankenhooker," though the influence is more lyrical than sonic in this amusing little track. Maybe the song a smart-assed back-handed comment on a large segment of the Goth scene. It's open for whichever interpretation you find the most amusing, with its lines like, "I woke up into my own scream / A thousand zombie girls running after me... I ain't looking for no head / From some fucking living dead ... You Suck!"

Fans of other current Finnish rock bands, as well as those similar in attitude, if not sound – **Wednesday 13**, **Murderdolls**, and **Rob Zombie** – will find much to enjoy here.

Pyra Draculea



Chet

Fight Against Darkness

(Aargh! Records)

When I first put Fight Against Darkness in my CD player, I had very little idea what to expect. Up until then, I had only heard the Chet song "Film School Makes You Worthless and Lazy" on a mix, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I listened to several songs from the new album and then abruptly turned it off; not because it negatively affected me, but because I wasn't quite prepared for the emotional response it conjured in me. Standing there, alone in my room, I was simultaneously compelled to jump out my window, curl up in my bed, and put on my panda vest and start drawing with pastels on the walls. I opted for none, and instead went downstairs to make tea.

An album that can evoke such an immediately powerful response is worth repeated exploration in my book. I gratefully returned to its swells of beer and reverberant vocals. **M. Ward**, and **My Morning Jacket** came to mind, but only a small semblance, as Chet's sound is nicely autonomous on a whole. The album is awash in ride-cymbal crescendos and brooding bursts of bubbling, melancholic happiness. Listen to this album on a rainy day, and it might not so much crush you as smother you in a warm blanket of happy/sad crooning, comfortably seated in a melodic phalanx of instrumentation.

Morgan Hobart

Ora Cogan

::Tatter::

(Independent)

A few months back, an Ora Cogan show caused a slight rift between good friends of mine – one of whom hushed the other during her performance of what could have been any of the soft whirling songs that appear on her independently released album, ::Tatter:: (assembled with the help of a few of her own good friends). At that ALF House show, Ora gave one of my friends a copy of her debut – its cardboard sleeve hand-hewn from an old country rock LP given a new lease on life – which, soon after, I swiped from the table while my friend sold sangria to all the kids crammed in to see Ora appear between the Greenbelt Collective and their friends, Collapsing Opposites.

Even though, earlier this year, CBC Radio 3 featured the slow folk "Daisy" as its New Music Canada Song of the Day, I dove into that copy of ::Tatter:: for a shorter, more sorrowful favorite, called "Take Me Home," which, since that show, has graced more than a handful of mixtapes for friends and strangers alike. Admittedly, very little is surprising about ::Tatter::, on which Ora shortly, simply, and dutifully plays much of what we would expect a folk-singing soloist with a pretty voice might play. What she manages to do on many of these tracks, though, is make every carefully-assembled copy of ::Tatter:: worthy of a hushing. "My Sweetie Went Away" and "Worry" respectfully riff off ragtime, with only a touch of the theatrical, and "Black Coats" displays the darker dynamic of Ora's willowy vocals, with wails which haunt the swan song, on what I think may be seen as a soulfully generous folk album. And those luckier to score the professional repressing of the LP will have the pleasure of two live tracks, "Road in the Dark," and the traditional "Motherless Child," both frighteningly mature for such an early release. Find a copy of ::Tatter:: from Ora herself, as she roams the States, or catch her at the Vancouver Folk Festival in July.

Mono Brown

Collapsing Opposites

Inside Chance

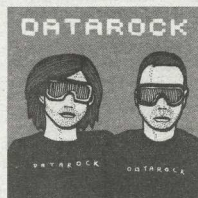
(Local Kids Make Good Records)

Collapsing Opposites' much-awaited fifth album, Inside Chance, is an auditory and emotional feast of mainstream deconstruction. It is a capricious collection of playful urban clips mixed by Pietro Sammarco (Pippo Sound), overcast by dark, witty lyrics by post-modern tragedian Ryan McCormick. Rounded out by the tuba dynamism of Carrie Chapman, and the solid rhythm section consisting of Laura Hatfield on beats and Julia Feyrer on drums, these catchy tunes are sure to cement Collapsing Opposites' position as the playful cultural doomsayer of the West Coast indie scene.

It is easy to be charmed into lethargy by Inside Chance's smooth rhymes, but don't be fooled and listen closely. Intermixed with the deceptively simplistic chords and beats are messages of anti-conformity, tragedy, and the impossibility of love in modernity's capitalist monolith. This is the album's clear and demanding theme: art must mirror the message. For instance, on the first track, "Outside Problems," what appears as banal repetition of guitar chords, is actually a reflection of the absurdity and senselessness of a capitalist machine, which depends on marketing the same old as new again, in order to drive consumption. As McCormick writes: "Outside's in and inside's out / Little rich kids can't live without / How can I be out? / When I'm clearly so in? / I was out till that was in, / soon I'll be out again."

If there is a criticism of this album, it is that many of the tracks (all written by McCormick) sacrifice musical symmetry for lyrical pastiche, often coming across as esoteric. There is a little bit here for everybody, though. Traditional fans of Collapsing Opposites will be pleased to hear the same playful romps of philosophy, in tunes such as "Fight!" and "What's That Sound?" Listeners will feel displaced by the raw political messages, inherent in "Bullies" and the ominous real-life experiences in "Teachers and Students." The most dark, self-deprecating, and downright trippy songs on the album, "Other Song" and "Duckling," are nicely balanced with the melancholy of "All Around It" and "Song for Two." The best and most forceful song, "Land of Opportunity," is a very cool attack on individualism over community, which exposes the dangerous intentions of capitalism (and is interestingly represented as stratification by captivating CD insert art). Inside Chance is an album worth listening to, sharing with your friends, and starting a post-modern revolution over.

Niigonwedon



Datarock

Datarock Datarock

(Network Records)

I can begin by telling you that Datarock is not a glib, tongue-in-cheek nod to Krautrock. I can tell you, also, that Datarock is a tongue-in-cheek nod to the nerdier side of cool – a synthesis of the sounds and persona of the likes of Devo and Talking Heads. When they feel the need to output rock, they do so in a restrained, shimmering fashion that brings to mind Sea and Cake jams. What computes is that these Norwegians play what feels good, and that fun need be the only common denominator. I can tell you these computers definitely wear tennis shoes.

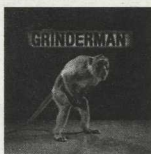
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What I can't exactly tell you is whether Datarock's Mentos-commercial-styled humour is aimed to tickle your funny bone, or is just a pretense to move your feet. The grooves the duo throw down to support these stories of seemingly thrown together words end up pulling at odd emotional centers. Take a listen to "Computer Camp Love," with its low-tech chords and even lower-down groove. While certainly not everyone has been to computer camp for a summer of Commodore 64s, BASIC programming and GEOS, many an advancing-age hipster will find a pang of longing for their closest analog hobby (be it mix-tape making, high school poetry slamming or sketching girls in class).

By contrast, "I Used to Dance With My Daddy" is very suave. Suave in the way of getting dressed to go nowhere special (like the bus stop), while mouthing the words to a favourite song in the mirror. The handclaps and reverberated chorus are a show stopper. "Fa-Fa-Fa" is funky with nary a trace of soul; funky enough to be booty-shaking without resorting to mechanical repetition. "Sex Me Up" follows similar roots, but relies heavily on easy-to-sing lyrics to snap you to attention. Fredrik Saeo's sexy crooning about the lashes of a "Maybelline" girl is a memorable journey through an overly-dramatic cosmetics commercial scene, guaranteed to get a chuckle from anyone in earshot.

By the first third of the album, most of the above mentioned tracks have gone by – it's clear you have heard Datarock's flashiest tracks, and have become acquainted with their approach. However, the tunes become a little less colourful, and a bit more reliant on a single hook or joke. That being said, they are performed so well and come off so confidently, that it is easy to hang out and dance with the band for the full running time. Statistically speaking, with the odds of success stacked against Datarock's particular mix of styles, humor, and geek chic, it beats the odds to become a solid recommendation.

Henry Faber



Grinderman

Self-titled
(Mute Records)

I have read much discourse about this album, comparing it to Nick Cave's other projects, describing it as a "mid-life crisis record," or even harping on and on about "the complete absence of woman" as a character.

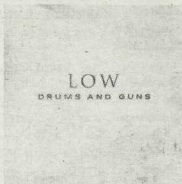
None of these discussions are valid. To compare a newly-assembled group of musicians' output to everything else any of them has ever done is not fairly assessing its current work. Furthermore, to do so presupposes the group should be meeting everyone else's sonic assumptions, rather than making music for themselves.

To describe this as a mid-life crisis record also assumes that making music beyond the age of 40 cannot be done with the same exuberance for a new project which any younger musician would presumably have. It is just a different time in Cave's life, and to assume that his preoccupations must now centre on hair loss and aging, is to wrongly assume that he is simple, an uncomplicated person without an interesting thing on his mind.

To focus on the absence of woman on this record is also folly. The so-called lack of female presence only makes 'her' a more necessary component within the intention of the songs – no matter how unpalpable her physical company. Also, at least six of the song titles reference sex, 'pussy,' a woman, or love.

This record is a group of accomplished musicians who collectively know how to make good fucking rock songs. From the humorous "No Pussy Blues," to the subtle "Man in the Moon," Nick Cave's unquenchable penchant for the dramatic still makes for awesome lyrics, and the soupy guitar, thick bass, and thundering drums are the stuff which classic rock jacks off on. This is good rock music, and that is all.

Julianne Wilding



Low

Drums and Guns
(Sub Pop)

Dear Sir/Madame/Drums/Guns:

Oh, I should restart this letter—if I am about to confess my love, it must be honest and pure: I must confess the true name of 'the one' I love.

Dear L-pumm...pumm...pumm-ts-O-pumm...pumm...pumm-ts-W...pumm.

1994. I never believed it was possible, but with you – only you – it was love at first listen. You slow-danced in my ears, and into my heart. Dressed in a stylish coat of minimalism – guitar, bass, and drums – your slowness revealed. My core desired at once to run with yours to the nearest cathedral. To hear you possess it. Your enchantment of sounds, possessing its seductive atmosphere. Mesmerizing, with the weightlessness of your voices. Floating in harmony. Always, in harmony. Such that lullabies are...

No.

Conventional lullabies soothe souls into the darkness of sleep. Your lullabies are different: they hold darkness. Embrace darkness. Creating beauty with an intensity which chases sleep to distant places. So lightly you hold your darkness. So much noise you invite, to dance in the silence between each note you sing.

And again, 7 albums later, here you are. Now dancing to the sounds of drums and guns. Guns? Your dance holds as much fragility as ever! Beautifully delicate. I want you to fall into me, but your grace will not allow it. You remain floating. Above any comparisons. Above genres and generations. Your lullaby marches to the endless minimalism of gun triggers, clapping sounds, organs, and vocal loops; it marches through war-themed backgrounds, and makes us feel as though we are standing on landscapes made of porcelain, which crumble under our feet. As we stomp over the pieces to the pulsating 'pum ... pum ... pum' of your drums – the porcelain breaking with no end, no compassion – our souls, possessed by your divine voices, prevent even fear from making us stop.

"Breaker" shivers to the sounds of crying organs. "Dust on the Window" collects, as Mimi Parker's voice fractures all conventions of the world outside. And the cruel tone masking Sparhawk's defeated lyrics – oh, I can't do this ... I have to end. I'm not strong enough. You are. Low. Unchanged. Unbroken. But I. I love so much. I break – 'pum, pum.'

Aleks Pichlak

Mattress

"Eldorado"
(Belowgrade)

An attempt to write a song about the bad times gets caught up in the weight of the massive history of those songs. Then, this motivation mutates and it is a song about those songs, and the voice can not help but now drawl in the tongue of joy. As soon as we admit our solitude, our loneliness, we are caught admitting the vast range of things from which we lack connection, so we are not so alone after all.

The simplicity of these sounds are not making an argument against the incommensurability of minds, because, at their core, the controlled ruckus has an honest intention; we can never really reach one another. No matter the strength of our desire to know one another (and it is strong, like a putrid rot suffocating your breath), we will not. Never will. See, it is not so surprising that we would want to stare back into the bad times. Yet, you know, I know, Rex Marshall knows: if we could, we would breach the distance between you and I. And somewhere, this is the same thing as being able to bridge that gap.

This record, then, is a painfully joyful sound. The cover is hand-coloured with pencil crayons. Simple electronic music, and the deeply singsong voice of a man. It makes me think that if this were of the flesh, I would want to wrap mine around his, and give him a hug.

c. turions

review

Organ Trail

Wagon Trail
(Independent)

What on earth is one ought to make of this 2005 recording. Wagon Trail? It was released courtesy of Poor Quality Recordings in 2006 by improv-orientated theme band, Organ Trail. I remain uncertain, and expect, perhaps, to take a crack at the mantra behind its vanguard spirit.

Enterprising seems an apt adjective for Organ Trail, comprised of adventurous locals Jess Hill, Jeska Slater, Alissa Raye, and Darren Sustin — this was the band a few years back, but two years later, who can say for sure? The ordinary avenues along which one might unearth OT-related intelligence, websites and label pages, often conspicuously lead to dead links. Neither does the type-written and hand-cut Wagon Trail cover firmly establish some sense of the ensemble behind it, nor does it help that review copies of this CD would vanish mysteriously from DISCORDER office, without a trace. A 2004 interview I dug up earmarks this elusiveness as habitual to the roaming members of the band.

Reports of Organ Trail sightings have risen recently, though, along with its distinct fanbase — established through the synergism of its second-place finish at Shindig!, a spate of MySpace friends, and a stream of YouTube clips of live performances. On some level or other, no matter how obliquely, Organ Trails always exists, whether it be onstage or online, and sometimes only in local imaginations.

Their mysteriousness makes it easy to sidestep a real review of Wagon Trail, five fly-by-night departures from straightforward songwriting. Samples, synth, and strings flicker in and out of consciousness on an album which opens with "Apple on Every Branch," and offers of the image of a trail as its guiding ideal. The album's echoing midpoint, "Moonshine," drags along a landscape the likes of Modest Mouse's *The Moon and Antarctica*.

Many new musical discoveries populate the rest of this intriguing release, which reaches its apex as it leads into "The Faithful," a moving accomplishment of staying power. With a split EP due out with California's VxPxC, Vancouver ought hope that Organ Trail sticks around a little while longer, this time.

Mono Brown

The Rain and the Sidewalk

Inanimate
(Independent)

I just entered a time warp.

The cover art of Inanimate reeks of early-nineties, low-budget debut albums. But the first track on this debut is good: it wraps you up only to spit you out on one hell of a noisy tangent: the music comes forth as nostalgic for late-70s/early-80s UK New Wave, yet still maintains its sincerity. However, this track is totally different from the rest of the album, which mostly uses female vocals. At this point, the album loses its grainy edge and becomes a little more predictable. This is too bad, because the music is more accomplished, and the album itself has more potential, than its cover suggests. However, as I tried to get into it more, I found myself unable to get past the female vocalist. Her voice does not fit with the music, and where it seems to wish to take you. The music has a darkness which the vocals ultimately lack. I believe that if the male vocals from the opening track had remained, the album would have worked much better.

Patrick Finlay

Shapes & Sizes

Split Lips, Winning Hips, A Shiner
(Asthmatic Kitty)

This is beautiful and crazy music. Experiencing Shapes and Sizes live, and on record, conveniently parallel one another. All the dizzy energy of their live act translates to the album. Some reviewers fault this CD for frequent daunting timing and dynamic changes, but really, it is a lot like the typical Shapes and Sizes sound — totally great if you like it. If you're not a fan of the Shapes and Sizes' show, or dislike later-era Danielson, this probably will not win you over because it is very similar.

Recalling the bouncier side of Joan of Arc, Shapes and Sizes tame wild blitzes of rock, bust out handclaps at key junctures which cause dramatic pauses between outbursts of noisy joy, and frolic in caterwauls of synthesizer and guitar.

The artwork on this release, the second for Shapes and Sizes on Sufjan Stevens' Asthmatic Kitty records, is an odd assortment of photographs, not immediately thematically linked

to the last record's colourful drawing — even though the music flows in a similar direction to their earlier self-titled release. On both recordings, the vocals trade between the two leads, one male and one female, and in the end, this is pop music in line with Stevens' Greetings from Michigan, right down to the sombre trumpets.

A continuous playlist of both Split Lips, Winning Hips, A Shiner and their debut, ends up a good thing, neither eclipsing the other. One song I have only heard in concert, "Highlife," makes it on to this album — yes! A bit closer to playing like a rave-up than its eponymous predecessor. Split Lips, Winning Hips, A Shiner comes out a winner in comparison to the previous release — but also on its own. It is trashy punk orchestrated enthusiastically with excited incoherence — or paradise, in other words.

Arthur Krumins

Skeletons and the Kings of All Cities

LUCAS
(Ghostly International)

In our lifetimes, certain names develop certain connotations. The name Jim, for example, could come to signify an egoist. Maybe all the Cathys become prudes, and the Berts, solid drinking partners. For me, the name Lucas has always been associated with odd, rather maladjusted characters — the type likely to show up on the 6 o'clock news, accused of some grisly crime, with neighbours saying, "He was such a quiet boy, such a polite boy." Well, Brooklyn-based outfit, Skeletons, must share that eerie notion on their album LUCAS, which follows an ambiguous, but unnerving, narrative concerning a boy and a town of the same name.

However, the appeal of Skeletons has never rested on their lyrical threads, as imaginative as they may be. Since the band's beginnings as a solo project of Matt Mehlan (co-founder of Shinkop Records), and now as eight-plus collective, it is the inventive instrumentation that has caught fans' attention and ears. The organic flavor of the self-produced LUCAS marks a departure from Skeletons' previous reliance on electronic gad-

getry. Accompanying this is also a name change from Skeletons and the Girl-Faced Boys to Skeletons and the Kings of All Cities.

Their new percussion-heavy sound incorporates cyclical guitar patterns, full-on horn sections and tropical rhythms, leaving little trace of the electro-styled Prince work-out of their previous effort, Git. The shift makes for a more expansive and, ultimately, dense recording. In fact, LUCAS emulates the chaotic dynamics of their recent live show, bringing a loose, improvisational vibe to the affair.

But throughout the album, Skeletons filter this turbulent demeanor through a melodic lens. On the ten-minute "Don't Worry," for example, the band seamlessly mixes free-jazz horn squeals into a sun-drenched island vibe. Or "Sickness" puts Mehlan's high falsetto over a rhythmic organ groove, slowly turning the track's competing layers into some eccentric disco tune, similar to those of Arthur Russell.

The result is a psychedelic album that strikes the perfect balance between improvisation and pop, making it ideal for hazy, drug-fueled hallucinations during the upcoming summer season.

Brock Thiessen

Amon Tobin

Foley Room
(Ninja Tune)

Amon Tobin's last two albums — a soundtrack for a Tom Clancy Splinter Cell game and Out From Out Where — have been disappointing. They were sold in their own rights, but failed to deliver on the impressive talent Tobin demonstrated on his earlier albums. Foley Room turns the clock back a decade, while leaving one foot firmly in the post-rave, dubstep world of 2007. This latest album merges the best of electronics and sampling — of late-90s trip-hop and beat experimentation, with the malevolence of dubstep.

Foley Room makes one massive departure from Tobin's earlier work. His first few albums sampled heavily from film soundtracks and old songs. This time around, Tobin used field recordings to completely generate everything himself. From tigers to plumbing, from motorcycles to angry wasps, every sound and arrangement on the album is his own work — leading to some-

thing that, while distinctly Tobin, is completely new.

"Big Furry Head" emerged as my favorite track on the album very early on. Droning strings and electronics, and clanging, metallic percussion let you know that "Big Furry Head" is a world gone wrong. If this is not menacing enough, the growl and snarl of something very big and very angry threatens to tear you apart at any moment. "Horsefish," on the other hand, is beautiful, floating, and somehow primordial. Harps, eerie humming, and swampy drips and splashes make you feel that a strange, unsettling world is coming into existence inside your headphones.

Foley Room includes impressive collaborators — The Kronos Quartet performs some string arrangements, while Stefan Schneider, percussionist for Belle Orchestre, also joins the mix. In the end, though, it is Tobin's dysfunctionality, disjointed arrangements which truly shine. Foley Room is every bit as dark, moody, engaging, and simply beautiful as any of his earlier albums, and it forces the new kids on the block to take notice — Amon Tobin is back.



CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to git 'em. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

Strictly the
dopest hits of
March 2007

Artist	Album	Label
1 The Arcade Fire*	Neon Bible	Merge
2 Secret Mommy*	Plays	Ache
3 The Pack*	Tinytype	Independent
4 Besnard Lakes*	Are The Dark Horse	Jagjaguwar
5 Trans Am	Sex Change	Thrill Jockey
6 The Queers	Munki Brain	Cochon
7 Pop Levi	The Return To Form Black Magic Party	Counter
8 Various*	Aaargh Annual #2	Aaargh Records
9 Various*	Snowed In: A Tribute To Hank Snow	CJSR
10 Do Make Say Think*	You, You're A History In Rust	Constellation
11 StinkMint*	The Red Album	Cochon
12 Organ Trail*	Wagon Train	Independent
13 The Black Lips	Los Valientes Del Mundo Nuevo	Vice
14 ambalás	rhythm of the river	Riverboat
15 Marnie Stern	In Advance Of The Broken Arm	Kill Rock Stars
16 Amy Winehouse	Back To Black	Island
17 Mum	The Peel Session Vancouver, BC	Fat Cat
18 Julie Doiron*	Woke Myself Up	Endearing
19 The Dolly Rocker Movement	Nightmares	Distort
20 Jesu	Conqueror	Hydra Head
21 The High Llamas	Can Cladders	Drag City
22 Deerhunter	Cryptograms	Kranky
23 Deerhoof	Friend Opportunity	Kill Rock Stars
24 Psychic Ills	Early Violence	Social Registry
25 Hella	There's No 666 In Outerspace	Ipecac

Artist	Album	Label
26 Dead Meadow	Dead Meadow	Xemu
27 Wendy Atkinson*	Pink Noise	Smartton Up And To The Point
28 MV & EE With The Bummer Road	Green Blues Ecstatic	Peasce
29 Various*	Killed By Canada	Fans Of Bad Productions
30 B.A. Johnston*	Call Me When Old And Fat Is The New Young And Sexy	Just Friends
31 Klaxons	Myths Of The Near Future	Because Music
32 Apostrophe Of Hustle*	National Anthem Of Nowhere	Arts & Crafts
33 Fun 100*	Goodbye!	Hockey Dad
34 Elvis Perkins	Ash Wednesday	XL
35 Panda Bear	Person Pitch Paw Tracks	Independent
36 Barr	Summary	SRC
37 Peter Bjorn & John	Writer's Block	V2
38 Bonobo	Days To Come (Bonus)	Ninja Tune
39 Bobby Conn	King For A Day	Thrill Jockey
40 Kristin Hersh	Learn To Sing Like A Star	Yep Roc
41 Ghost	In Stormy Nights	Drag City
42 Ill Ease	All Systems A-Go-Go	Cochon
43 Alkaline Trio	Remains	Vagrant
44 Bonnie "Prince" Billy	Lay and Love	Drag City
45 Die Mannequin*	How To Kill	How To Kill
46 Neil Young	Live at Massey Hall	Reprise
47 Lee Hazlewood	Cake Or Death	Ever
48 Gruff Rhys	Candy Lion	Team Love
49 Stars of the Lid	And Their Refinement of the Decline	Kranky
50 The View	Hats off to the Buskers	1985

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604-683-3344

The Bike Kitchen
UBC, AMS, 6138 Student Union Blvd.
604-822-BIKE

Buru's Angels
2535 Main St.
604-874-9773

The Eatery
3431 W. Broadway
604-738-5298

Hitz Boutique
316 W. Cordova
604-662-3334

The Kiss Store
2512 Watson St.
604-675-9972

Lucky's Comics
3972 Main St.
604-875-9858

Maggie Magazine
1319 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6666

People's Co-op Bookstore
1391 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6442

Puncturhaus
228 Broadway E.
604-708-8100

Red Cat Records
4307 Main St.
604-708-9422

The Regional Assembly of Text
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604-877-2247

R/X Comics
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604-454-5099

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604-687-6355

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2513 Main St.
604-873-6760

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319 W. Hastings
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319 Hastings St. West
604-488-1234



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CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am							
9am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	PILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOI NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...					
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm			BESNERIC RHYME REEL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	FILL-IN	CRIMES & TREASONS	CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	WENNER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
5pm			NEWS 101	AND PMS! SOMETIMES WHY	FILL-IN	NEWS 101	OUR WAVE
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE	UNCOMMON DREAMS	SAMSEQUENCES HIDEAWAY	EXQUISITE CORPSE	THE CANADIAN WAY	SHADOW JUGGLERS
7pm		KARASU	FLEX YOUR HEAD	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	FILL-IN	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA		SALARIO MINIMO	CAUGHT IN THE RED	LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
10pm	TRANSCENDANCE						
11pm	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE	AURAL TENTACLES				
12am							
1am							
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am
SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am
KOI NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast cross-roads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-2pm
 Reggae in all styles and fashion. Blood on the saddle and fashion. (Roots) 2-4:30pm

Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 4:30-6pm
 British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 4:30-6pm
 Alternates with:

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
 Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-10pm
 Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 10-11pm
 Transcendence (Dance) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. transcendence@hotmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
 Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury

blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of adult delights!
LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic) 11-12pm

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
 Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
 Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/HATT & DAVE (Eclectic) 3-4pm
 Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peck, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantatics and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

Alternates with:
UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARUSU (World) 7:30-8:30pm
THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am

May 7: Tonight, one of the unsung greats was pianist/composer Irving Sidney "Duke" Jordan. "Flight to Jordan" was his only album for Blue Note, but a boss recording with a hand-picked quintet, with Jamaican-born trumpeter Dizzy Reece and tenor giant Jimmy Turinette, and original tunes by Jordan.

May 14: "The Cat Walk" was the best album by this short-lived working band led by trumpeter Donald Byrd and baritone saxophone master Pepper Adams. Great tunes and solos sparked by the incredible drumming of "Philly Joe" Jones! A true classic just re-released on Blue Note.

May 21: "Soft Light and Hot Music" is by the big band led by drum master Mel Lewis and recorded in person at the Village

Vanguard in New York. The band is full of current jazz stars, like pianist Kenny Werner and tenor master Joe Lovano. Great tunes, great arrangements and totally inspired playing. Don't miss this one!

May 28: Recorded live before the highest audience in the world at the famed Baltimore Institution. The Left Bank Jazz Society in 1965 an incredible quintet co-led by tenor saxophone pioneer Jimmy Heath and, in Jimmy's words, "One of the greatest trumpeters ever," Freddie Hubbard. Be there tonight!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
 All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
 Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9:30am
 (Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm
 Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

CIRO SYNDICATED (Talk) 2-2:30pm
 Syndicated programming from Olango's CIRO.

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
 Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French) 3:30-4:30pm
 En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Franco-phone musicians.

WENNER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.
FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm

Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic) 10-11:30am

With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonics/mash.

Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.

planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-1pm

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic) 1-2pm

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 2-3pm

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETON RADIO (Rock) 2:30-4:30pm

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk) 4:30-6pm

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

First Wednesday of every month.

Alternates with:

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

JUICEBOX (Talk) 8-9pm

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queer-

ness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

www.juiceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 9-11pm

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR

(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic) 8-10am

DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic) 12-1pm

Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic) 1-2pm

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk) 5-6pm

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-

exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

myscienceprojec
tcradio@yahoo.ca

Alternates with:

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk) 5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT (Rock) 6-7:30pm

Psychadelic, Garage, Freakbeat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) 7:30-9pm

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music) 9-11pm

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, not even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk) 11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop) 12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic) 8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska) 10am-12pm

Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop) 12-2pm

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic) 2-3:30pm

NARDVUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS (Nardvuar) 3:30-5pm

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

Canadian independent music, from any given genre, from all across our massive and talented country with your host Spide.

www.myspace.com/canadianway
thecanadianway@popstar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World) 7:30-9pm

David "Love" Jones brings you

the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz) 9-10:30pm

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic) 12-2am

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots) 8am-12pm

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION (Punk) 12-1pm

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal) 1-3pm

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World) 5-6pm

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World) 6-7pm

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chow of Drum 'n' Bass with Djs Jungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da bestz.

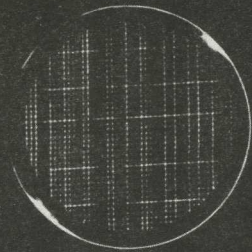
SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop) 11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY (Electronica) 1-3am

NCRC 2007

11-16 June, Vancouver



RADIO-ACTIVITY

CITR 101.9 FM

Conference Alert!

It's fun to stay at the N-C-R-C!

Things get pretty chill around CITR each spring. Most UBC students are off until September, and CITR programmers, volunteers and Discorder writers bring the unmistakable ease of summer with them to the station.

This May will be different, though, because from June 11-16, hundreds of community radio volunteers will descend on Vancouver for the 2007 **National Campus and Community Radio Conference** (NCRC).

The NCRC is one of the principal projects of the National Campus and Community Radio Association (NCRA)—a national umbrella organization representing the interests of small, volunteer and community-driven stations such as CITR. You might not have heard of the NCRA, but you have definitely heard the results of its work if you listen to CITR.

The NCRA lobbies the CRTC to make the Canadian media landscape more amiable to indie stations and musicians. It helps new stations startup, like CITR's new sister station, C1R0, at UBC Okanagan. Every year, an NCRA member station hosts the NCRC, the association's national conference. It is a nation-wide convergence on the host station, where people of all stripes from the campus-community radio sector gather to share skills, to network, and to develop as broadcasters.

CITR last hosted a national conference back in 1992. With the best programming you can find on the FM dial in Vancouver, a great podcasting service, and, of course, our own venerable monthly magazine, *Discorder*, CITR is bound to raise eyebrows at this year's conference.

We will host advertising, podcasting, technical, music and spoken-word workshops, taught by sector alumni, CBC personalities, and even internationally-renowned producers. We will hold six nights of cutting-edge entertainment—featuring bands like Stinkmint, Great Aunt Ida, The Evaporators, the No Luck Club, and the Transmitters—with to give delegates something they will not soon forget. And we will do it all with the help of volunteers and CITR listeners like you!

Volunteering with the conference gets you in on the action for free. By hosting a billet, helping out at a concert, serving lunch, or running a workshop, you will find many opportunities to meet with, and learn from, some of the most innovative people in the Canadian indie radio sphere.

Check out the NCRC website at www.citr.ca/conference to find out how you can get involved. Email nrcr_coordinator@citr.ca for more info on how to volunteer or attend as a delegate.

We hope to see you in June!

Alison Benjamin

National Campus and Community Radio Conference Coordinator

SET THE WATER CANNONS TO ROCK! MAY'S BLAZING NEW RELEASES AT ZULU

ARCTIC MONKEYS Favourite Worst Nightmare CD

Having sold out the Commodore Ballroom in no time flat, England's sensational led-rockers seem to have their fan city already deep in their ass pocket. Certainly, it was nearly impossible to go into any local alcohol-serving establishment without hearing the glorious choruses of "I bet you look good on the dance floor" and witnessing the accompanying ballet that is modern courtship. Many good people will attest music brings people together, unless us in celebration, and often soothes our weary minds – and certainly these people have heard the opening riffs of **Arctic Monkeys' 'When the Sun Goes Down'**. Well, now as we are on the eve of their remarkable sophomore full length, we at Zulu boldly predict that this platter is going to once more change the neighbourhood and bring the party souls out on the street. This is as good as it gets!

CD 16.98

DNTL Dumb Luck CD

In my dreams I make a cameo appearance in a diner where **Jimmy Tamborello** a.k.a. **DNTL** a.k.a. **Half of The Postal Service** is meeting with the various rock star pals that will collaborate vocally on his next record. The diner is very chic – everyone who works there wears animal suits. Dressed as an Aardvark, I bring **Jimmy** a burger platter and the cheese, I eavesdrop and overhear him giving **Conor Oberst** (**Bright Eyes**) and **Jenny Lewis** (**Rilo Kiley**) their instructions. Meanwhile, **Valerie Tiberjahn** and **Markus Acher** of **Lali Puna** order up some grub in harmony and in doing so, smile beautifully having found the perfect voice for **Dumb Luck's** saturated electronic bliss-out tunes. Turning I bump directly into **Edward Droste** of **Brizzly Bear** (man, he's here too!) and spill boiling fat onto his Apple 17 Macbook Pro which absconds it just as an animated jeep of a frog catching a fly appears on the screen. Everything is perfect, the dream is perfect, the record is perfect, my **Dumb Luck** is perfect!

CD 16.98

DINOSAUR JR. Beyond CD

It's been about 10 years since the last **Dinosaur Jr.** album came out, but it's been damn near 20 years since their last album with the classic lineup heard on albums like **You're Living All over Me** and **But**. Now, after a couple of reissues and tentative gigs, **Lou Barlow**, **Murphy**, and **J Mascis** are back for real! At its best, the trio's music was like a version of the **Strokes** that didn't have legs – just one of the **Ashetons** mumbled words while they all slugged the crap out of their instruments. **Dino Jr's** sound was a rolling sea of emotion and rage and a sense of anger that had been forged into a bizarre metal-punk-pot-whitts by obsessive listening to **Sabbath**, **The Birthday Party**, **The Cure**, **Blitz** and **Niel Young**. Not much has changed, and **Beyond** is a monster of form. From the staggeringly guitar spew that opens "Almost Ready" to classic soft/fibro dyspnea of "What If I Knew," **Beyond** is an exquisite slab of pure **Dinosaur Jr.** Some groups can change line-ups without anyone noticing. But that was never really the case with **Dinosaur Jr.** The pieces that fell away over the years were missed. But now they have all been collected together in one place. For how long no one can say. So just dig it while it is, because **Beyond** is beautiful.

CD 14.98

THE CLIENTELE God Save The Clientele CD

...and all who shall with ...
Clientele! On **God Save The Clientele**, the band's third full-length album, **Alisdair Macdonald** and company are setting free their inner **Monkees** with a lovely blend of **Big Star**-style twisted pop-pop, **Byrdsian** country aching, and flashes of the **Beatles** at their most joyful and upbeat. The ghosts, half-light and uncertainties remain, but included in this music is a new found optimism. With the recent addition to the band of **Mal Driskay** on piano and violin, **The Clientele** are painting from a broader palette here, adding splashes of pedal steel and slide guitar to their already lush pop songs. Recorded in Nashville with **Mark News** (**Lansdown**), **Donnie Prince Billy**, **Calexico**, **Silver Jews**, **God Save the Clientele** is clearly the band's most accomplished and triumphant record. **AVAILABLE MAY 8***

CD 16.98

BILL CALLAHAN Woke On A Whaleheart CD

The **Smog** has cleared to reveal the soul. Perennial Zulu fave **Bill Callahan** a.k.a. **Smog**, a.k.a. one of our generation's best singer-songwriters in the indie tradition, a.k.a. the fine baritone that opened for **Joanna Newsom** recently, a.k.a. the bard who got it all started in the bedroom on a 2-track 18 years ago, a.k.a. the closest thing to being a bizzaro world **Jonathan Richman**, a.k.a. **Drag City's** red dark wizard, a.k.a. the only non-hollywood actor capable of playing **Harry Dean Stanton** in his bio-pic, a.k.a. the evil twin of **Will Oldham**, a.k.a. a guy not afraid to use a chorus of cats, a.k.a. someone who would eat **Nilsen** and **Stevens** for breakfast, a.k.a. author of "Red Apple Falls" or quite possibly the best audio track to accompany **Barrel and Mounds**, a.k.a. the only living boy in Austin Texas, a.k.a. **Julius Caesar** in the **Burning Kingdom**, a.k.a. "the tall grass" a.k.a. this year's best new music discovery, a.k.a. amazing as usual. **BILL**.

CD 16.98

ELLIOTT SMITH New Moon CD

Arguably the most gifted songwriter of his generation, **Elliott Smith** produced a large body of work that includes five solo albums, as well as **From a Basement on the Hill** (2004), a collection of songs completed before his death in 2003. On May 8, 2007, **Kill Rock Stars** will release a double CD of music by **Elliott Smith** entitled **New Moon**. The album contains 24 songs recorded between 1994-1997, a prolific time in Smith's career, when he recorded his self-titled album and **Either/Or** (both also released by **Kill Rock Stars**). **Content-wisely**, **New Moon** is seven songs from the self-titled second album's sessions, 11 songs from the **Either/Or** sessions, three from **Rob Jones'** radio show sessions (before **Mic City Songs** and **Either/Or** came out) and three from **Jackpot!** in 1997. Three of the tracks have seen previous release, although mostly limited. This collection is not some patched-together product of the studio in 2008 – it is a collection of songs, many of which could have easily been included on his second and third albums, which made it out on compilations, three tracks that showcase his stripped down and engaging live performances of material, and several songs illustrating where he was heading in 1997. Despite the breadth and the quality of the songwriting here, most tracks have remained only the province of lo-fi trade **Elliott Smith** fans, who've been obviously fascinated by the fact that **Elliott Smith's** "leftovers" presented a catalog rivaling many songwriters' life's work. **AVAILABLE MAY 8***

CD 16.98

THE SEA AND CAKE Everybody CD

The **Sea and Cake** are back with **Everybody**, the band's first full length in just over four years (though some members have had several successful solo releases!). The record finds the band conforming to their singular brand of dreamlike, hot-buttered pop music that sounds delicately handcrafted, yet effortless all the same. Sheets of glowing guitar abound upon propulsive percussion underscored by gently funky, introspective bass lines, all adorned by breathlessly delivered lines of lyrical poetry. As always, the band is made up of **Sam Prekop** (guitar and vocals), **Archer Prewitt** (guitar), **John McEntire** (drums), and **Erik Claridge** (bass). Available on limited edition gatefold vinyl with a large 16pg booklet insert, and on CD in a deluxe digipack with three photo cards and 16pg booklet insert. **AVAILABLE MAY 8***

CD 16.98

ELECTRELANE No Shouts No Calls CD

Brighton's all-female avant-rock powerhouse returns with their fourth LP just in time to occupy the opening slot on **The Arcade Fire's** US tour, an opportunity that will hopefully rectify the underground status of this supremely talented band. **No Shouts No Calls** has all the streamlined krautrock rhythms and **Stereolab** euro-chic that characterized their earlier efforts, but this time we get to savour the fruit of the band's progression from abstract beat improvisation to infectious, edgy, and cinematic pop mastery. In a more upbeat mood than usual, **Electrelane** pours their positivity into hauntingly beautiful songs which blend hypnotic intensity with a near-jurypop aesthetic to perfection. From the airy riffs of "After The Call" to the gentle organ and serenely tender vocals of "At Sea," through to the metallic guitar-and-drum duel of "Between The Wolf And The Dog" and the sultry modern love ditty that is "Cut And Run," followed by the spiralling piano beauty of "The Lighthouse," each track stands in isolation, both exciting and powerful, while collectively they fit and flow together as **Electrelane's** most diverse and accessible album to date.

CD 16.98

LAVERNE DIAMOND Imagine Our Love CD

Having recently sung the praises of L.A.'s finest act not to come off as a **Laurel Canyon** send up, **Laverne Diamond**, it gives us great pleasure to once again in perfect pitch announce the arrival of this, their eagerly anticipated full length debut. Easily one of the most intriguing releases of 2007, **Imagine Our Love** again features the incredible lead vocal of **Becky Stark** and her folksy spiritualist narrative. Capturing less bounce, yet still breezy, west coast pop melodies, **Laverne Diamond** offer an immediacy that is extremely elusive in today's over-produced indie landscape. Infused with a strong folk traditionalism, their songs have an efficiency that allows them to come alive and perhaps even enchant and woo the listener with **Stark's** siren call whispering on **Love, Love, Love!** Here it is folks – 12 amazing songs to restore your faith in modern music! **AVAILABLE MAY 8***

CD 16.98

PANDA BEAR Person Pitch CD

You folks have been beating down the door for it, and here it is! The second full-length solo album from **Animal Collective's Panda Bear** (aka **Noah Lennox**) – though considering the vast leap forward from the spare and hazy chanting of **Young Prayer**, it might as well be his debut. **Panda Bear** lives in Lisbon now, with his wife and daughter, and this album is positively marinating in sunny Portuguese vibes. **Person Pitch** is a watery, blissful trip, patched together from oodles of looped samples that reference everything from **King Sunny Ade's** ecstatic juju music to **Ricardo Villalobos' Brazil**-via-Berlin minimal techno. Most of all, though, **Lennox's** layered, summery vocal harmonies recall **Smile**-era **Brian Wilson**, submerged in a coral reef. This is a rare and beautiful work of genius, my friends: generous in spirit and revolutionary in form. Take heed!

CD 16.98

Ah Shucks, here's the other stuff we really really love!

JOY DIVISION – Martin Hannett's Personal Mixes CD

DEERHUNTER – Fluorescent Grey CDEP

STARS OF THE LID – Stars of the Lid and Their Refinement of the Decline CD/LP

CALVIN JOHNSON AND THE SONS OF THE SOIL – s/t LP/CD

SHEARWATER – Palo Santo: Expanded Edition CD/LP

THE WOODEN STARS – People Are Different CD

BEBEL GILBERTO – Memento CD
BROTHER ALI – Undisputed Truth CD/LP

THE FUCKING CHAMPS – VI LP/CD
MARY TIMONY – Shapes We Make CD

BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY – Strange Form of Life 12"/CDEP

ARCADE FIRE – Neon Bible LP

ARCADE FIRE – Keep The Car Running 7"

SAGE FRANCIS – Human The Death Dance CD

MAVIS STAPLES – We'll Never Turn Back CD

THE VEILS – Nux Vomica CD

CHARLOTTE GAINSBURG – 5:55 CD

SALE PRICES ON SALE UNTIL MAY 31, 2007

ZULU INSTORE NEWS
Music In The Afternoon with
Arts and Crafts recording artists

APOSTLE OF HUSTLE

www.myspace.com/apostleofhustle

Sunday
May 6
4PM



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